

NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION



A Layman's Hopes of the Vatican Council

EVELYN WAUGH

A Gallup of Dark Horses

PHILIP R. BUSHNELL

D. J. STEWART

Is India Defensible?

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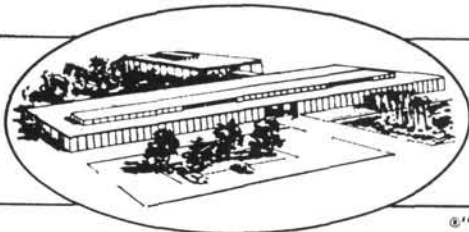
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NATIONAL REVIEW

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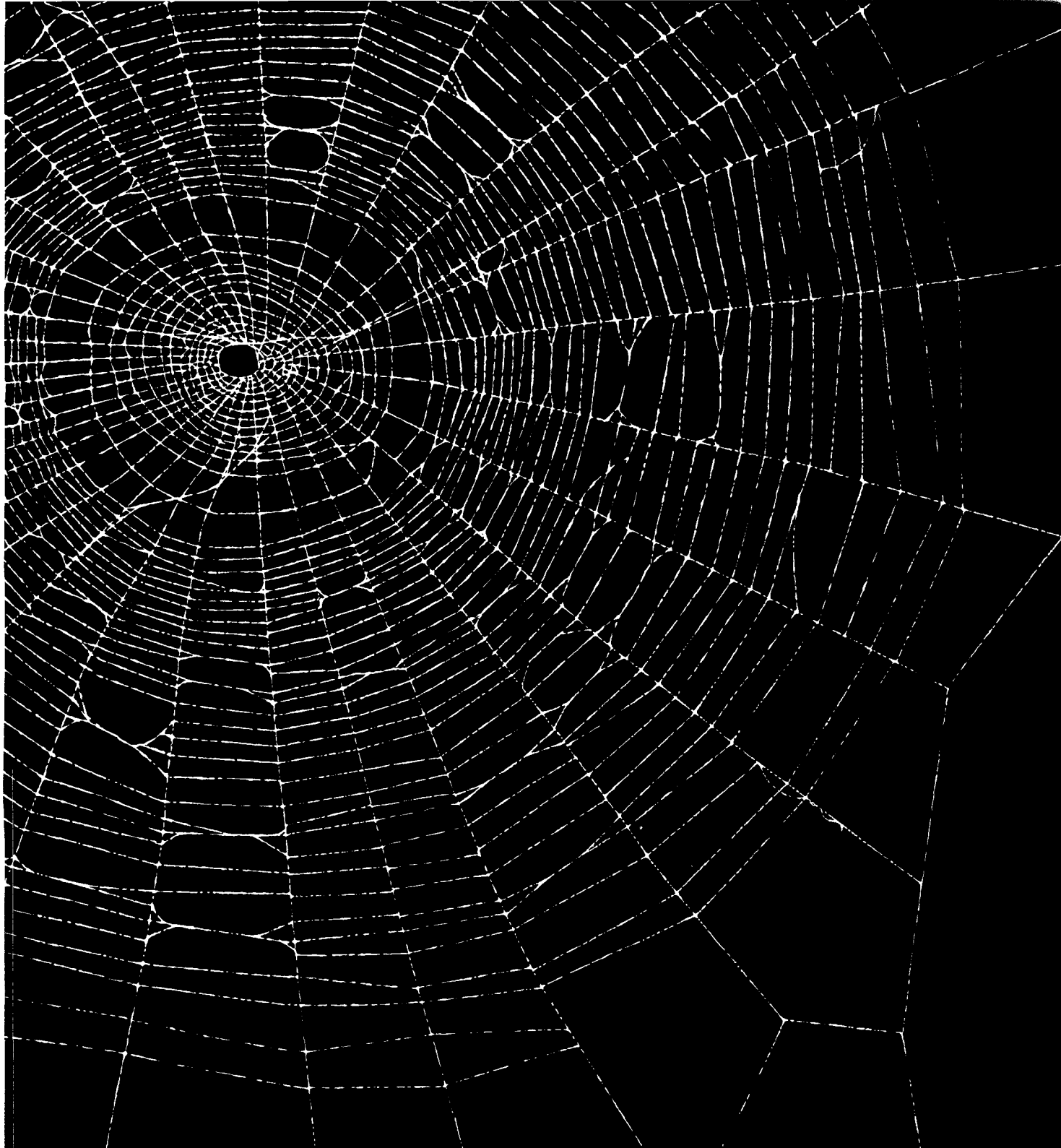
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In This Issue . . .

→ We publish the reflections of a Catholic layman on the world gathering of his church's hierarchy, now meeting in Rome as the Second Vatican Council. **Evelyn Waugh**, *il miglior fabbro* among the writers of English prose in our day, considers some of the actions that may be taken, that might be taken and that he hopes will not be taken in the long deliberations that lie ahead. He directs particular attention to the two issues that have been most headlined and perhaps least understood: the prospects of Christian unity, and "modernization." . . . In *What Dr. Gallup Wouldn't Dare* **Philip R. Bushnell** and **D. J. Stewart** discuss the elections. In a piece of rank speculation by a first rank speculator, Mr. Bushnell explains how Gen. Eisenhower may out-maneuver both the Rockefeller and the Goldwater flanks in the battle for the Republican nomination. Just to confuse us, D. J. Stewart, whose Menckonian essays relieve his duties as classics teacher (presently at Reed College, Oregon), proves that it's got to be Rocky all the way. . . . From India, in response to our cabled request, **Prakash C. Jain** describes how the war with China feels inside India, and what he believes America should do about it.

→ **Frank Meyer**, looking beyond and beneath the printed surface of the election returns, believes he discerns a "massive, if quiet, turning of the tide . . . in the bloodless war of Conservatism to recover America for its traditions." . . . **Anthony Lejeune**, writing from London, tells what is happening and what probably will happen to Britain's three parties as they confront the Common Market. . . . **James Burnham** finds in the remarkable revelation of Conor Cruise O'Brien a strange insight into the attitude of America's diplomats at large.

→ The lead book review, or rather essay, is by Chicago University Professor, and NR contributor, **Richard M. Weaver** on Frank Meyer's just published book *In Defense of Freedom: A Conservative Credo*, wherein, the reviewer finds, the author "has struck hard at those who are interested neither in good nor in freedom." . . . **Walter Darnell Jacobs**, who frequently reviews books on Soviet and military affairs for NR, turns his attention to those two anti-militarist tracts in the form of novels, *Fail-Safe* and *Seven Days in May*. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** writes warmly about the autobiography of one of NR's warmest friends, Frank Chodorov, who has watched over our sins and our triumphs from the very beginning. . . . **Gary Wills** reviews *The Barbarian Within*, by Father Walter J. Ong, who is a dangerous man for a conformist world when he lets loose with his bombs of the spirit. . . . **Francis Russell**, last heard from on the movie front, has been traveling in Denmark, Germany and Flanders. He sends a number of notes on the way the new Europe seems to a New England traveler →



A THREAD AT A TIME...YOU HARDLY NOTICE

For 30 years the advocates of government-in-business have spun their threads out one by one. While we hardly took notice, they pushed the federal government into thousands of business ventures, from sawmills to bakeries. In the field of electric power, 5½ billion dollars are now invested in federally owned plants and lines.

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clearly a dangerous course. When government owns business it gains political and economic power—the means to control goods and jobs. With power thus concentrated it can become difficult for citizens to preserve their freedoms.

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Former Ambassador to Cuba Earl E. T. Smith now gives his full report on the U. S. role in the Castro Communist revolution

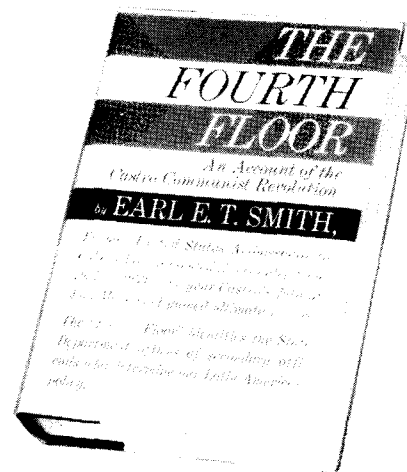
EARL E. T. SMITH was our Ambassador in Havana from 1957 to 1959. He watched Castro come to power. He was among the earliest and most outspoken critics of Castro, and he prophesied the tragic turn of events in Cuba.

Twelve months before Batista fled Cuba, Ambassador Smith predicted that the United States would never be able to do business with Fidel Castro. As early as March 9, 1960 he warned that Russia would establish a "mutual security" pact with Cuba, and he urged firm action against the Castro regime to prevent the build-up of Soviet power in Cuba.

In this explosive report Ambassador Smith documents his charges:

- ✚ That we could have prevented a Communist stronghold from being set up ninety miles from our shore.
- ✚ That the "Fourth Floor" of the U.S. State Department overlooked many warnings about Castro, including the fact that he had been an active participant in a Communist insurrection as far back as 1948. (The "Fourth Floor" identifies the State Department offices of secondary officials who determine U.S.-Latin American policy by their day-to-day actions.)
- ✚ That the "Fourth Floor" refused to support attempts for peaceful solutions to the Cuban problem without Batista and without Castro.
- ✚ That not only the State Department, but also many influential Americans, members of Congress, and elements of the press made massive errors that contributed to Castro's success.

Earl E. T. Smith's book is indignant and urgent, fully-documented and responsible. It could only have been written by a man who saw the Cuba tragedy from the inside. It was written in the hope that by knowing the mistakes made in Cuba, we will not repeat them elsewhere in Latin America.



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Memo to a Prescient Ghost

IN THE Autumn Number of *The University Bookman*, Associate Professor of English John Abbot Clark renews (posthumously) an old friendship with one of the most gifted critics in the history of American letters, Professor Irving Babbitt.

"... of all the wise and humane things you had to say about the higher learning in America more than a half-century ago, it is your criticism of scholarship and the Ph.D. degree (in the humanities) that most urgently cries out for attention today. Recent disclosures of all the ghostwriting going on in this area of 'scholarship' aside—the doctoral mill, as it operates in the field of the Liberal Arts, anyway, has become as pernicious and almost as meaningless as the teacher-certification mill operated by the professional educationalists."

Every *National Review* magazine subscriber will receive *The University Bookman*, free. Others may subscribe at two dollars a year for the four issues. Write Editor, *The University Bookman*, Box 3070, Grand Central Station, New York.

The
**UNIVERSITY
BOOKMAN**

The WEEK

● November 20, 1962; one year to the day, since the United States ordered the Communist Party and its officers to register under a Subversive Activities Control Board ruling. Time, gentlemen?

● The bleats beginning to sound from various stuffed shirts across the land are tribute to the success of the spreading consumer boycott of Communist-made goods. From Florida, Massachusetts, Indiana, California, Ohio and points north and south come tales of effective, often imaginative methods by which citizens are exercising the basic freedom of the market place: the freedom, in this case, to stay away from merchants who insist on filling shelves with products imported from the Communist empire. In a heartening number of cases (Fort Wayne, Ind., for example) the local authorities and stores have gladly cooperated. In a few instances, the enthusiasm of the boycotters has pushed them into questionable acts against legitimate property rights. For the most part this movement, which recalls the boycott of Japanese silk during the 1930s, is a notable example of how citizens of a free republic can use in defense of freedom some of the methods usually turned against it.

● These days, when Alger Hiss trots forth as character witness against Richard Nixon, and Robert Oppenheimer is chosen to set the tone for the publishing industry's annual wingding, it's good to see an occasional flash of light: Dr. Edward Teller, the grandly pro-American scientific strategist, receiving the Fermi Award from the United States Government.

● The House Committee on Un-American Activities has begun inquiry into possible loopholes in the Foreign Agents Registration Act. It is investigating currently two ostensibly charitable organizations—the Medical Aid to Cuba Committee and the Friends of British Guiana—to see if they are in fact promoting foreign governments. Principal witnesses thus far, one of whom appeared hooded to protect relatives still in Cuba and another of whom was once Castro's personal physician, described an atmosphere in Cuba of suspicion and disruption of medical practice, the mislabeling of American drugs to make them appear to be of Soviet-bloc origin, and the deliberate creation of shortages in medical supplies in order to manipulate the populace and to cause ill-will toward the United States. Several officers of the MACC turn out to be old Fifth Amendment hands. "Let's quit playing games," Representative Scherer remarked at one

point to the Committee's nominal founder, Melitta del Villar of New York. "Isn't it a fact that the treasurer is a member of the Communist apparatus?"

● A free press, if you're going to take seriously Jim Hagerty's thundering defense of the Alger Hiss appearance on ABC, is a free press is a free press. Except that you peons are not free not to listen. Because if you flip that dial over to Huntley and Brinkley, friend, which is to say if you choose to exercise your right to boycott ABC, why, you are striking at the heart of a free press, and let no man be guilty of that, friend. Over here at NATIONAL REVIEW, Jim, we think the press ceases to be free when it is controlled by a coercive agency, not when it acts to meet consumer demand; and we think your phony use of the "free press" issue to club down any opposition to the abysmal taste of ABC in presenting an unrepentant liar and traitor as a character witness to an honorable man, is reprehensible.

● It's disturbing to learn that Senator Jacob Javits is maneuvering for one of the Republican seats on the Foreign Relations Committee now available through the defeat of Alexander Wiley and Homer Capehart. But, looking over the list of senators who are being touted as likely alternatives (Sherman Cooper, Clifford Case, Thomas Kuchel), only a doctrinaire anti-Javitsist would want to make a federal case out of it. Instead, why not see if some more suitable senator won't put in for one of those Foreign Relations seats, for instance Barry Goldwater? That particular committee room would be a wonderful sounding board for the patriotic voice of the author of *Why Not Victory?*

● Those Cubans, over negotiations with whom concerning negotiated inspections of offending weapons we are presently negotiating, certainly know how to keep *their* end of a deal. Ask the skipper and crew of the freighter *East Star*. They are presently in Bermuda recovering from the ordeal of being adrift fuel-less—and thus without power, heat or light—for nine storm-tossed days, which came about because they soon ran out of fuel after leaving Havana, which came about because fifteen of the eighteen tons of oil they were sold turned out to be water, which came about because those Cubans certainly know how to keep *their* end of a deal. Draw your own lessons.

● The National Book Committee, a sort of publicity front for the book trade, will present its annual awards next March 12. The principal speaker will be Dr. Robert Oppenheimer, director since 1947 of the Institute for Advanced Study, a physicist of high attainment, and a scientist whose political reliability was found formally to wobble at so slim temptation

that it was judged prudent to deprive the United States Government of his brains in order to protect the nation from his propensities. Well, he's controversial, all right, and if the National Book Committee thinks a little controversy will shed a little publicity too, let it play its game that way. So what distinguished American literary figure is on the menu for 1964? Cyrus Eaton?

● The *New York Times* published maps in both its October 28 and November 18 issues that divided the world up into Western, Communist, and "Unaligned" countries. In both, Cuba, if you please, was shaded "Unaligned." A phone call to the Maps section of the *Times*: Was this a misprint? "No.—We do not consider Cuba a part of the Communist bloc." Admiral Anderson, please note.

● The Federal Court of Appeals has ordered criminal contempt proceedings to be brought against the Governor of Mississippi for doing what he believed to be his sworn duty under the state constitution. A grand jury in Mississippi has indicted a federal marshall for acts he believed to be in performance of his sworn duty. That such conflicting legal proceedings could arise from the same events does not prove that the law is a ass, but does suggest that the parties to the dispute are not behaving decorously. The Rule of Law rests on a consensus that has been breached by federal action in Mississippi. Such vexatious proceedings on both sides are unlikely to assist an honorable resolution of the complex questions involved.

● We liked this letter to the editor from a W. G. Battersley, published in the October 27 issue of the *Economist* (London): "Sir: I very much doubt whether there is such a word as 'demarcationism' (page 1182, September 29th) and if you have invented it you ought to be bloody well ashamed of yourself.—Yours faithfully, etc. . ."

From the Jaws of Victory

Was it, then, only an election gimmick all along? We refused to believe so; we still hold back from that bitter conclusion. It is too shocking to feel that a man holding the office of President of the United States could be so infinitely cynical and irresponsible as to risk the fate of his country and the world for a handful of votes.

But the timing is hard to explain on any other account. A fortnight before the election, after learning in the field about the voters' intense concern with Cuba, Mr. Kennedy suddenly discovered a total crisis and threat in Cuba—though the weapons and men

had been there many weeks and been known to be there—and he became the Man of Action, pulling all stops. A fortnight after the election—though his terms had not been met, though most of the weapons and all the men are still there, though Castro is defiant and unchecked—Mr. Kennedy with equal suddenness found that the crisis and threat have evaporated, that not even the soft and partial naval quarantine need any longer be maintained.

The main point is not the absurdity of trusting Khrushchev's promises about removing the IL-28's or haggling over such irrelevancies as what organization the non-inspecting inspectors are to come from, or debating how long a missile's range must be before it becomes "an offensive weapon." These are trivial matters: that is why, in fact, Khrushchev has been willing to retreat with respect to several of them, to take his Leninist step backward—for he has retreated, of course, at a tactical and psychological cost that he cannot avoid paying. But Khrushchev judges, rightly, that the price is cheap for what he gets.

The main point is that Mr. Kennedy has scrapped the Monroe Doctrine, that Castro's Cuba remains in the Caribbean as a Yenan, a dynamic beachhead from which the poison of Communist sabotage and subversion spreads through our hemisphere.

This puts the question before the House, and the President will find that he cannot avoid or evade it. The threatening reality cannot be brushed aside by even the most adroit press conference; the citizens will not be silent. The question remains: Will the President, or will he not, give the command to expunge Castro and Communism from Cuba?

De Gaulle Gets the Parties

President Charles de Gaulle has now just about accomplished what he set out to do when he was brought to power by a coup in May of 1958. As a result of last week's election and this week's election, he is now M. France. To wield the kind of power he desired, de Gaulle had to destroy the old-line political parties which had grown to power during the Third Republic, wrecked the Fourth Republic, and through their weak, disputatious and rudderless leadership made way for the Fifth. By use of plebiscite and referendum—by direct appeals to the masses over the heads of the elected representatives in the National Assembly—de Gaulle has exploited the flabbiness of the multi-party structure. And last week, 19 million Frenchmen translated his contempt into action in a vote which not only pulverized the old parties but also retired from public life some of their most influential leaders, Paul Reynaud and Pierre Mendès-France among them.

The only party which de Gaulle failed to destroy

and which emerges stronger than ever in these last elections is the Communist Party, which got roughly 21 per cent of the total vote as against a spectacular and unprecedented 31.9 per cent for de Gaulle's Union for the New Republic (UNR). The Communists were able to survive when the other parties, from the Independents on the Right to the Mendésiste Socialists on the Left, were decimated because the Communist Party is not a party in the accepted sense of the word, but an ideological conspiracy, a paramilitary adjunct of international Communism whose first allegiance now as always is to Moscow.

The Communists have their disciplined troops who turn up at the polls four to five million strong every election to vote as their leaders tell them: in favor of de Gaulle when he was bringing the Algerian war to an end; in abstention when it suited later policies; against de Gaulle in the October referendum on presidential elections.

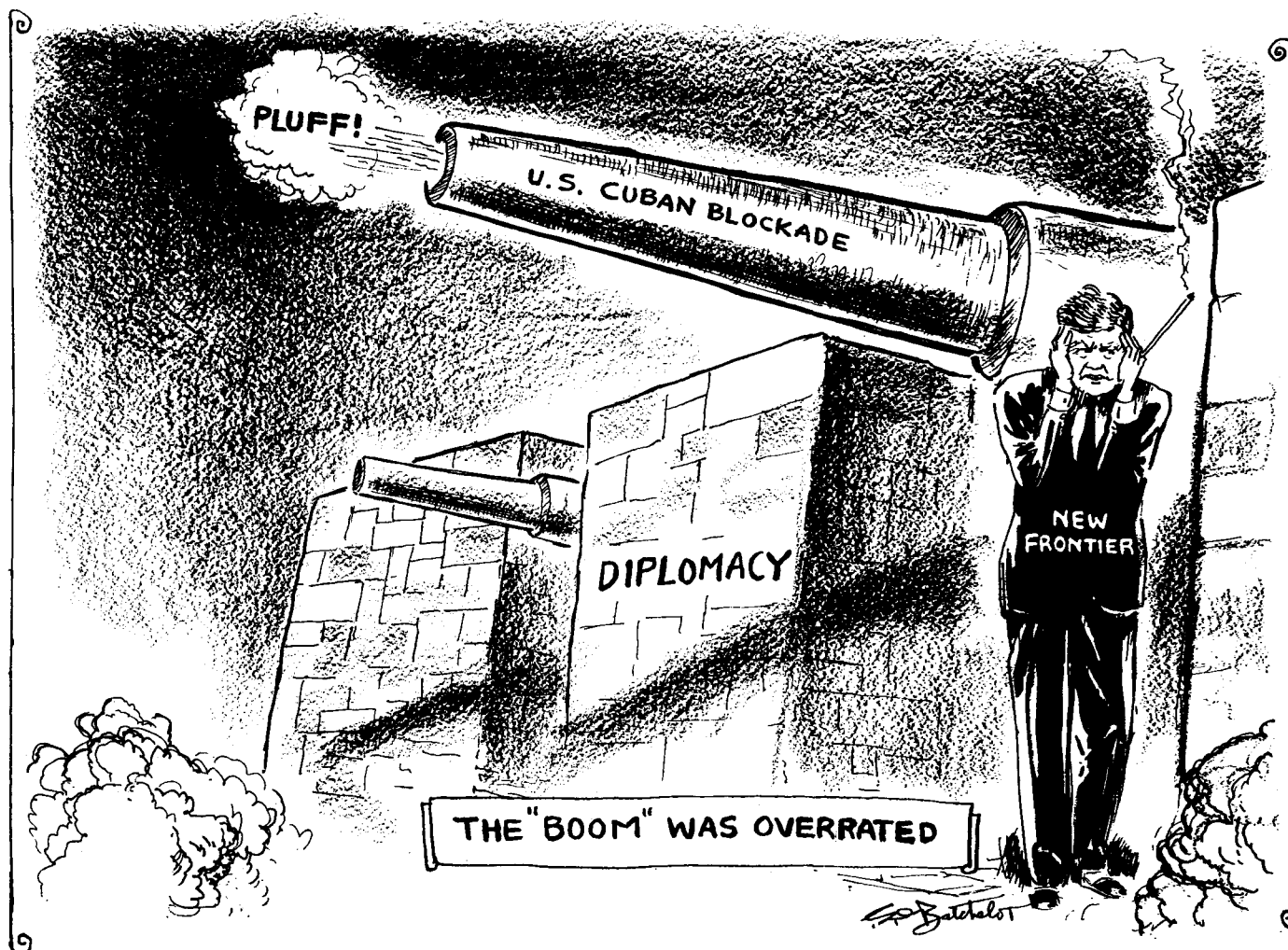
What is left on the political field in France today, as a result of de Gaulle's policies, is on the one hand, the Communist Party, and on the other, de Gaulle's UNR whose victory has surprised everyone, even the Gaullists. The UNR may even achieve a parliamentary majority, something unknown in the memory of

living man in France. But the UNR is not, properly speaking, a party either. It is a loose political grouping, a *rassemblement* as de Gaulle himself once called it, with none of the doctrinal bases or organizational structure common to political parties. Its only ligature is personal, to de Gaulle, the leader. If he were to fall, his party would disappear as fast as a soap bubble when it touches anything solid. The UNR has but one purpose: to follow the leader, to obey his orders, to vote his projects, to carry his train.

What Is Sound Taxation?

Tax reform and tax reduction are much in the wind these days. The President, the President's Advisory Committee on Labor-Management Policy, the President's Council of Economic Advisers, the Department of Labor, the Department of Commerce, and most notably the President's house economist, Professor Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers—all these have plumped for tax reform and/or tax reduction. Trouble is, they're urging the wrong medicine.

Granted, our tax policy needs radical reform. From



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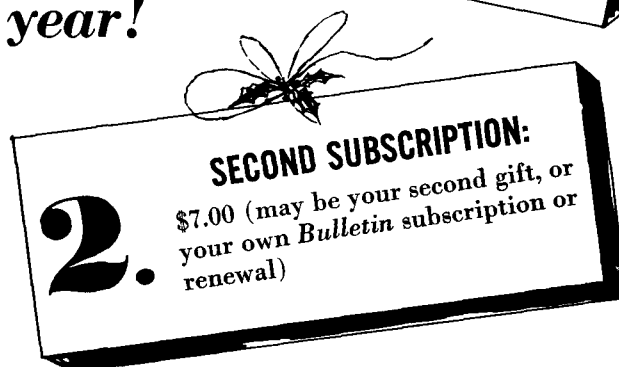
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**SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS
RATES**



every standpoint it is a failure. It relies so heavily on taxation of fluctuating incomes that it creates enormous problems in federal budgeting, and the government finds it not only difficult to administer but also incapable of producing any more revenue even if rates were increased. The individual taxpayer knows it is incomprehensible, unjust, and discouraging. It damages the national economy by stifling incentives, by shunting investment funds around tax corners or into tax havens, by sucking away the corporate capital that might be invested in modern machinery through higher depreciation allowances. It affects our international payments problems by encouraging investment overseas and discouraging foreign investment here; and by penalizing efficiency and so raising costs it discourages foreign purchases of our goods.

But if the current tax law is unjust and harmful, let us remember there is no such thing as a tax that is perfect. The proper concern in tax reform is to move in the right direction.

Unfortunately, every voice now heard on the question seems pitched to the wrong string. The spunky Senator Harry Byrd seems to insist on reducing federal expenditures as a prior condition of tax reduction: an attractive idea, but in the nature of things quite visionary. Some conservatives call for getting the government out of business ventures as a condition for abolishing the income tax: again, a visionary idea, useful only for the serious debate it serves to spark.

Many within the Administration, speaking through the groups named above, urge tax reduction as a means to federal deficits, on the dishonored assumption that deficits are the answer to economic stagnation; and would make the reductions principally in the lower income brackets, on the Keynesian assumption that consumer spending is the initiator of sound economic growth.

No. The only road to sound reform is the road that works against the present errors. Tax rates from top to bottom must be reduced, proportionally; to avoid enormous initial federal deficits, the reductions should be staged over a number of years. In all likelihood the increased economic activity arising from increased incentives will generate tax revenues to offset the losses from rate reductions. If not, some sort of consumption or turnover tax, rather than an inhibiting tax on individual effort, would provide the offsetting tax revenues.

This is all that is needed, and this is enough. Tax reform should not be tied to irrelevant social or economic notions. Fiddling with loopholes and tax sanctuaries is unnecessary when rates are being reduced, because *every reduction in tax rate is an automatic simplification of the tax law.*

Personal income tax rates now range from 20 per

IN COMING ISSUES

THE DE GAULLE GAMBIT

by Otto von Habsburg

REPORTS FROM AFRICA

by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

cent to 91 per cent. NATIONAL REVIEW urges as a sound tax reform the gradual reduction of rates to a range from 16 per cent to 65 per cent. Such a reform is simple and understandable. It will relieve the government of many administrative and some budgetary problems. It will inspire private effort, nourish the economy, work in our favor in international payments problems, and establish a *de facto* simplification of the law.

And for congressmen who think of such things, a tax reform like this will draw praise, thanks, and votes from the folks back home.

All Is Not Forgiven

From the start, NATIONAL REVIEW has advocated American support of the Indian struggle against the invading Chinese Communists. Our point of view here is straightforward. Communists are the enemy—America's enemy; the Indians are being shot at by the enemy and are shooting back; therefore, etc. So long as a soldier in a war is shooting in the right direction, you don't demand full ideological credentials before you pass the ammunition.

This much is plain common sense. It does not follow that we can now regard India as a reliable ally, and Jawaharlal Nehru as a loyal friend. The past doesn't erase that easily; nor is it the past alone that must trouble us. Deep changes have perhaps begun among the Indian people, as Prakash Jain suggests in this issue, but Nehru continues in unchallenged leadership of the Indian Government. He has been forced to fire the pro-Soviet, bitterly anti-Western Krishna Menon; he has not renounced or even criticized the greater part of Menon's policies. He still—after thousands of Indian casualties—repeats his adherence to the fatuous policy of "non-alignment" that laid his country open to its present wounds. He still orders his UN representative to vote for Peiping's entry, and to line up, most of the time, against the West. Though India's armies have suffered defeats of major strategic significance, Nehru still keeps his best trained troops in Katanga, a continent away, and on the Kashmir border facing not the Chinese Reds but the Pakistani.

The Ladakh area, which constitutes the western

On the Right

On Dead-Red

Many arguments are nowadays posed, and opinions influenced, by gaudy references to the extent of the devastation that would ensue upon a thermonuclear exchange in a third World War. I have heard lecturer after lecturer describe in macrocosmic terms, almost as if they took pleasure in describing all that gore, the meaning for the United States of a thermonuclear attack on us by, say, one hundred ten-megaton Russian missiles. I can hear the words of a man who spoke last week: "At least a hundred million deaths . . . starvation and contamination for most of the rest of the population . . . reduction of our economy to a primitive level. . . ." I shall spare you more, especially the description of the physical appearance of an incinerated child in Hiroshima. There are few things more gruesome.

If War Came

Still I ask: what actually is the relevance of all that talk? (Which is used primarily by pacifists and collaborators and those who plead for disarmament at any price.) We know the meaning of violent death intuitively, do we not? Even so we are committed, as individuals, as a nation, and as a civilization, to the proposition that death is the price one must be prepared to pay to oppose certain kinds of threats. Granted if there were a war today, there would be more deaths—far more deaths—than were caused by yesterday's war. But what is the meaning of that statistic to the individual dead man? None—he knows not whether he died alone, or in company with a hundred million others. What is the meaning of it for the survivor? None that goes beyond that abysmal grief of personal loss experienced well before the nuclear age by, for instance, the frontiersman's wife whose husband and children were massacred by the Indians. An individual human being can sustain only so much grief, and then bereavement becomes redundant. If my wife, son, mother, brothers and sisters are killed, I have little capacity left to grieve over the loss of my college roommate's uncle. What, then, is the meaning of that statistic for civilization? Civilization has no feelings, and knows not pain: it is we, the dead and the survivors, who feel the loss, or advancement of civilization. And here we come to the nub of the question.

What we are asked by those who devote their energies to describing the effects of nuclear war to

consider then, when you analyze it, is less human suffering, than the loss to humankind of so many of those things that lived on and on even when generation after generation of human beings died: the intangible things—the sense of community, and of nationhood; the tangible things—the cathedral at Chartres, the Museum at the Prado, the White House, the Vatican, the Bodleian Library. It is, I think more the sense of these losses than the concern for human life which hard analysis betrays as lying beneath the unreasoned hysteria of many of our contemporaries: and indeed, when we contemplate shattering, say, the stained-glass windows of Chartres, we know that unlike the extinction of human life, we contemplate extinguishing something which, because it was not afflicted with mortality, might otherwise have gone on and on, to refresh and console the people, right through empires risen and fallen, barbarians repulsed or submitted to, the appearance and disappearance of the 100th French Republic. . . .

And yet that is a pagan's analysis. Because human life, even though it cannot last beyond a few score years, is more valuable than all the perdurable treasures of the earth.

It is necessary, when we listen to a Norman Cousins or a Steve Allen or a Sidney Lens or a Bertrand Russell or a Kenneth Tynan going on and on about the horrors and scale of nuclear death, to force ourselves to face explicitly what we know intuitively. And that is this: that if it is right that a single man is prepared to die for a just cause, it is right that an entire civilization be prepared to die for a just cause. In contemporary terms it can scarcely be disputed that if ever a cause was just, this one is, for the enemy combines the ruthlessness and savagery of Genghis Khan with the fiendish scientific efficiency of an IBM machine.

The Net of Clichés

As we have seen, the collective bereavement is not more than the sum of individual bereavements and cannot therefore, in human terms, outweigh in quality or in intensity the pain that has always been felt, throughout the history of the world, by individuals who did not place mere survival as their highest value. It is important to plumb these arguments, so as to escape the net of those facile little clichés which reduce complex issues to disjunctive jingles. Better Dead than Red is an inaccurate statement of the American position, listing, as it does, non-exclusive alternatives. Properly stated it is: Better to face the *chance* of being dead, than the certainty of being Red. And if we die? We die.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

front of the Sino-Indian war, is part of the Kashmir region claimed also by Pakistan. Unlike India, Pakistan has been unambiguously "aligned," and aligned with the West, against both the Russian and the Chinese wings of the Communist empire. She is an essential element of the CENTO alliance linking the nations along the southern Soviet frontier. The Pakistani look dimly at the military buildup of either of the contestants in the Himalayan war; and, though they are anti-Communist, they are unhappy at the present flow of Western arms to India. They know from the record how readily these might be turned in their direction.

Both President Ayub Khan and former Prime Minister Chaudhri Mohammad Ali are urging Washington and London as well as New Delhi to use the winter months, when the border fighting will presumably have terminated, to settle the Kashmir problem. Specifically, they propose: 1) the release of the Kashmiri leader, Abdullah, and his principal followers, who are held under arrest by the Indians; 2) a free and impartial plebiscite in Kashmir under UN supervision within six months; 3) a pledge by both the Pakistani and Indian governments to abide by the result.

What could be fairer? And what could be a more appropriate time for us to apply the kind of leverage that could compel the Indian Government to accept this honorable solution of the vexing Kashmir problem that has poisoned Indian-Pakistani relations since the day of independence? There is nothing improper in our using our aid to India in her time of troubles to exert a political pressure of this sort. Our traditional sin has been our failure to employ our strength

to such responsible purposes: as witness Versailles, Teheran and Yalta. Already there are signs that Pakistan may conclude that the reward of loyalty to the West is desertion in the showdown; that Nehru's way—the way of anti-Western non-alignment—is the better way to the West's affections. Would Pakistan be alone in drawing that conclusion?

Need to Know?

There are times when the government should withhold from the public information that might be of aid to the enemy, such as the sailing date for a wartime convoy. And if Defense Department information chief Arthur Sylvester had explained the omissions and distortions in official accounts of what was going on in the weeks before and since the Cuban crisis on the grounds of national danger, the press would have grumbled but allowed the matter to die. Sylvester went far beyond this. "News generated by actions of the government as to content and timing is part of the arsenal of weaponry," was the way he put it and added that, as such, it was the President's right to manipulate his arsenal.

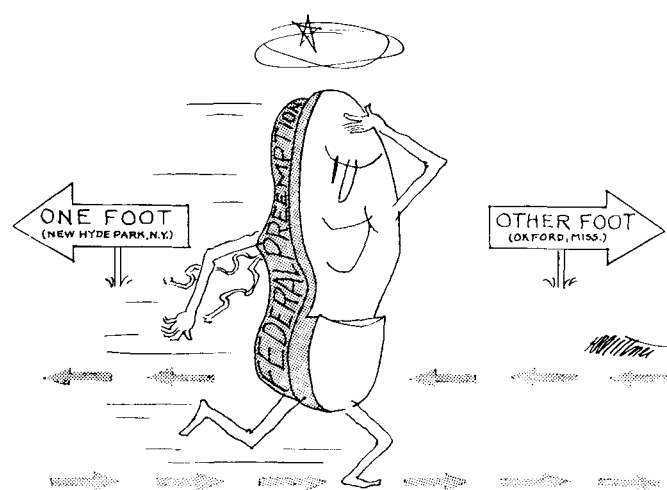
In very short order, the Pentagon, the State Department and a week or so later, the White House, ordered their people to report, in writing, any conversation they had with newsmen. Normal news channels were closed down. No reporters were ever allowed aboard the naval vessels blockading Cuba. Movements of troops, planes and ships were reported when the White House, or the State Department, or the Pentagon thought proper. We the people had no way of telling how the blockade was being conducted, what Soviet or satellite ships were being stopped, how many were allowed through without inspection, why Soviet submarines were sighted but not interfered with. What news we got was pre-shrunk and sanitized, and the press, as a body, rose up in arms about it.

Fortunately, its counter-attack has been vigorous and immediate. Once the government assumes the right to tell the people only what government thinks it proper for the people to know, we've taken a big step toward George Orwell's Memory Slot. On this issue, the Administration found itself in a novel position. Arrayed against it was a solidly hostile press.

Congo Intermission

With Cuba and the Himalayas crowding the spotlight these last weeks, the big nations haven't had much time left for that over-booked trouper, the Congo. And this is a good break. Of course our Afro-Asian friends are still eager to roast Moise Tshombe, well seasoned, on a spit, and they keep passing hungry

THE SHOE PICTURE



"I'm a little dizzy but it's really very simple to explain: Every school boy and girl in the land is entitled to freedom from Harassment by Prayer in order to more fully enjoy Integration by Bayonet—and anybody who has difficulty following this line of thought will be incarcerated, if not for Guilt by Due Process, then for Insanity by Memorandum."

resolutions. U Thant, too, issues a new or-else ultimatum every fortnight. But the United States now, as well as Britain and France, figures that at the moment there are other fish to fry—if we may continue with a perhaps too tasty image.

Even the irresponsible UN crew knows that it can't get very far with a new war against Katanga unless the Western powers, most particularly the United States, are ready to go along. A copper and cobalt boycott by Somalia, Guinea and Afghanistan is not going to shut down many Katanga mines. Yemen, Tunisia and Togoland might have some difficulty paying the bills for large scale fighting. And who is going to transport all those troops and munitions if the U.S. Air Force feels it has business elsewhere?

It would be unwise to conclude that the Congo crisis has now ended. The irresponsibles among the Afro-Asians have not been reconciled to a peacefully federated Congo; the Communists are never reconciled to anything but Communism. Still, the delays are propitious, for this is a case in which it does make good sense to give the dust plenty of time for settling: the dust in Washington as well as in the Congo.

Notes and Asides

By now our regular subscribers will have received Publisher William A. Rusher's Christmas message, and his secrets are out. Santa Postman has brought his first of what we hope will be many bagfuls of cheering replies. Among that first batch, we strung Mr. Wilbur Helm's with holly: "NATIONAL REVIEW is the last publication I would fail to renew. It surpasses any I see in its field. I only hope your income will multiply to an unlimited degree. Too bad the best things seem to have to fight for mere existence. I am one of your earliest subscribers . . . Congratulations on the great national reputation, comment and influence you have attained in so short a time by sheer ability and merit, and loyalty to our wonderful American heritage, which I have been defending and praising all of my 83 years . . ."

According to Publisher Rusher, subscriptions to NATIONAL REVIEW make the world's finest Christmas gifts. (He prefers them even to the UN's UNICEF cards.) And he reminds all of us to be sure to renew our own subscriptions (no matter when they expire) before the rates go up on January 1.

The Peace Corps' first tours of duty will soon be coming to an end. NATIONAL REVIEW would like to hear from Peace Corps members, especially those attached to the larger projects, about their experiences, plus and minus.

For the Record

Now that Fowler Hamilton is out as Foreign Aid chief, plan is to lump foreign aid, Peace Corps, Alliance for Progress, Export-Import Bank etc., into a giant international handout-bureau. Probable chief: JFK brother-in-law Sargeant Shriver. . . . Sudden switch of Emmet Hughes, one-time Eisenhower speechwriter, more recently Eisenhower skeptic; one-time Rockefeller speechwriter, now ex-employee Rockefeller Foundation to Newsweek regarded as politically important. Hughes will write weekly political column for Newsweek which, as predicted, is developing into Kennedy organ. . . . Aviation Week reports Soviet missile sites in Cuba were constructed in "soft" pattern. Significance: Such sites are useful only for surprise first strike attack and of no value as "potentially survivable retaliatory force." . . . Republicans encouraged by total turnout figures in election which show 5 per cent drop in Democratic off-year voting, 5 per cent GOP gain. . . . President's biggest trouble, it turns out, was getting Administration measures brought to floor. Only 44.3 per cent of his bills were reported out of committee in 87th Congress.

Portugal has refused to allow U.S. planes ferrying arms to India to use Azores Air Base as return billet doux for Nehru snatch of Goa. . . . The Goan Association of Kenya has asked U Thant to conduct a plebiscite in Goa. The Association claims 18,000 Goans (out of approximately 650,000) have fled since India take-over. . . . The Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan, which rushed last week to place itself under SEATO protection, has only one road; had no post-office until a month ago. . . . As of Nov. 13, President Tshombe of Katanga still had not seen draft of Congolese constitution he is being pressured to sign. . . . Because Central Government won't act in matter, Tshombe has announced Katanga will try a Central Congolese officer believed implicated in the assassination and cannibal murder of thirteen Italian airmen a year ago at Kindu.

Bring on the bomb: British distillers are experimenting with a system of aging Scotch through bombarding it with radioactive isotopes.

What Happened in Vermont?

VREST ORTON

Thousands of Americans were shocked on November 7 when Vermont, the rock-ribbed stronghold of conservative Republicanism, elected a Democrat governor. Of all the states expected to maintain and even enlarge the ideals of the GOP, and assuredly to continue a 100-year record of Republican governors along with unfailing adherence to Republican principles, the Green Mountain State was the one. In over a century of Republican political leadership, there had not been a single case, at any level, of malfeasance in office.

A noble record and one of which Vermonters could boast. But today there is no boasting. Freemen of this mountain state are hanging their heads in shame, not because a personable young Democrat named Hoff was elected by Democrats, but because he was elected by Republicans who deserted their party and pulled a political trick on the electorate.

How did it happen?

The Republican slate was Senator Aiken, Congressman Stafford, Lieut. Governor Foote and Governor Keyser. The first three won handily. But Mr. Keyser lost to Democrat Hoff by about a thousand votes. In a former primary, two maverick Republicans, who had run for office on the prestige and standing of the Republican Party, had been defeated by the same Keyser. Disgruntled that the voters had turned them down, these crybabies, as they are being termed by Republicans, turned against their party and its nominee, Mr. Keyser, and went all-out to support Democrat Hoff for governor. Had their support been for Hoff as a Democrat, he would never have won. But they resorted to a trick never before in memory tried on Vermont voters in an election for state office. They ran Mr. Hoff as an "Independent."

On the same ballot Mr. Hoff, Democrat, appeared on the left and Mr. Hoff, Independent, on the right. Mr.

Hoff, Democrat, lost. But Mr. Hoff, Independent, won by 3,000 votes.

At this writing, it is expected that a recount will be asked. But in the meantime the lawyers are arguing about the validity of the ballot, which obviously was coolly calculated by the Democrats to fool the voters. And it fooled them. Having never seen one gubernatorial candidate on the same ballot in two places, many voters undoubtedly marked the ballot in both places, once for Hoff, Dem., once for Hoff, Ind. Some lawyers contend that this ballot is invalid and should be thrown out. In which case Mr. Hoff (Ind.) is as dead as Mr. Hoff (Dem.). Others who have talked with ballot-counters feel that many such double-marked ballots were counted as *two* votes for Mr. Hoff! In which case, again, Hoff is out. Vermont isn't Chicago—yet.

This sort of trick was tried also in many towns in the election of town representative to the Legislature. Knowing that these small towns would never vote for a Democrat who ran as a Democrat, in such towns the Democrat ran as an "Independent." A Democrat running on the Independent ticket in Vermont is just about the same as a "neutral" nation in the conflict between the Free World and the Communist bloc. Both are posing under names that mean nothing, because they haven't the guts to use their rightful names.

In one town, for example, the Republicans ran an able candidate elected in the September primary. No one appeared on the ballot except this GOP candidate. On the day of the election every voter in this small town of less than 500 souls got a letter signed by a man few of them knew. He stated that 65 people in town had asked him to run but he said nothing about himself. Actually, he was a young recluse, a hermit who lived up the mountain with a few animals and had no visible means of support. Never having taken part

in town affairs, he was virtually unknown. But at the bottom of his letter were affixed two printed stickers with the X mark printed in the square. Without so much as a sentence about his qualifications, ideas, or beliefs, the letter went on to urge the recipient to use the pretty sticker as a "convenient" way to vote.

When the votes were counted, the officially nominated GOP candidate got 82 votes, the young hermit 102 votes!

Why? Well, several women said the young man was a "nice" young man. Others said they knew nothing against him. Others said he was a man. (The GOP candidate was a woman, ". . . Can't have no woman representing us in Montpelier.")

But the reason given by some, especially women, takes the cake for the all-time asininity for voting for any candidate. Incredible as it sounds, some said this: "Well, I was going to vote for the Republican, but it seemed so much *easier* to stick on one of them stickers, that I done it."

"Well, why did you do it?" was the question asked.

And the answer: "Because the letter said to do it that way!!!"

The question being asked today in the great GOP state of Vermont is this: what has happened to the classic image of the stalwart, hardheaded, canny Vermonter, who is never fooled and has, for over 100 years, by his knowing skepticism, looked with a jaundiced eye on tricks, and especially tricks concocted and set forth by city slickers?

One suspects the answer could lie in the prediction de Tocqueville made over a century ago, when he suspected that the time would come, if the United States developed the democracy it had started as he was writing, when the classic fault of the decisions being made by the largest number, would prove a disaster. He predicted the rule of the mob, and the manipulation of the majority by the professional self-seeking politicians, for their own benefit. He also predicted the time would come when men of property and standing, of success and accomplishment, would give way to the rule of those who had nothing but a desire to take away what the other fellow had made.

Has that time come?

From Washington Straight

CATO

The second-guessing that inevitably follows an election has been more subdued this year, with the press doing most of it and most pros remaining silent. The professional politicians generally agree on two points: Cuba, an issue that gave hope of major congressional gains for the Republican Party, ended up as a wet blanket that smothered all other issues and caused the voters to stand pat. Voter apathy, usually more of a handicap to the Democrats than to the GOP in off-year elections, was dispelled by both the Cuban crisis and massive get-out-the-vote campaigns conducted by COPE, the AFL-CIO's political arm.



Cato

The Liberal pro-Kennedy forces in the Congress are apt to be emboldened because few of their kind—with the signal exception of Senator Carroll of Colorado—were retired by the folks back home on November 6. It is predictable that their ardor for the New Frontier has been rekindled and they will fight a good deal harder come January. Similarly, a number of outstanding GOP Liberals rolled up impressive majorities which might well make them go along with the Administration in the 88th Congress. As for the conservatives, the story may be different. The strong performance of conservative Republicans in the South could have a sobering effect upon those Southern Democrats who talk conservative and vote Liberal most of the time.

The lesson taught Alabama's Senator Lister Hill by his nip-and-tuck November 6 victory was not lost upon others. It may prove to be the most important result of the recent elections, for one fact overlooked consistently in all talk about a Southern Democrat-conservative Republican coalition is that more than half the Southerners in the House

and good number in the Senate have remained outside the coalition most of the time. This, plus the desertion from GOP ranks of Republican Liberals, spelled success for several important Kennedy measures during the last Congress. But this time the Southerners, feeling pressure from an energetic and effective Southern GOP, are apt to follow the lead of the two Virginians who speak for the coalition—Harry Byrd in the Senate and Howard Smith, chairman of the influential House Rules Committee.

What are the prospects for some of the Kennedy bills that died in the 87th Congress?

Medicare will probably be revived, with a few changes designed to broaden the coverage of the severely restricted King-Anderson Bill. At this point it is hard to say just what the prospects for this program are. But one thing is certain: as a vote-getter Medicare proved to be a dud except in a few isolated cases. As a result, it is probably safe to predict that King-Anderson will be chloroformed. This does not mean that no health care bill will be passed in the 88th Congress. There is a good deal of sentiment on both sides of the aisle for some kind of program to aid the genuinely needy, perhaps along the lines of the Bow bill, which allows for tax credits for the purchase of private health insurance. The Kerr-Mills Act which provides health care for the indigent on a federal-state matching fund basis could be broadened in a way to make it more acceptable to many states which do not now participate in it. The medical profession, by and large, prefers this approach.

Agriculture will again be a battleground. Administration chances of getting a "rule or ruin" farm program along the lines of the Freeman bill killed by the 87th Congress are dim indeed.

Nobody seems to know much about the Administration's new tax-reduction program but this could prove to be the biggest controversy of the first session. There is no question that a good-sized reduction is planned. But

the rumors persist that the cost of these reductions and readjustments could be far too high for any Congress to accept. Under the guise of "closing loopholes" the Administration may ask for such unpalatable measures as a ban on deductions for interest. This would nullify most of the benefits given to those in lower income brackets by abolishing the deductions for interest on home mortgages and financed automobiles now allowed. Corporations and individuals in high-income brackets may be similarly penalized. Battle lines on tax reduction are already forming with Labor, the ADA, the Liberals hoisting storm signals and warning that any reform will be a soak-the-poor reform.

Some trends are sufficiently apparent to warrant a few predictions:

—Foreign Aid and related programs—in real trouble. The Administration really outsmarted itself on this one. During the last Congress, Walter Judd saved the day for foreign aid, the UN bond issue and the foreign trade bill, not because of any affinity for the Kennedy Administration but simply because Judd believed, on balance, that *some* kind of programs in these areas were needed and that it was an all-or-nothing proposition. But the Administration went all-out to beat Judd. Without Judd's influential voice among House Republicans these programs are apt to get mauled next time round.

—Rules Committee—a toss-up. It may remain packed or it might get unpacked. This is probably up to the Republicans who can strengthen the coalition by helping Judge Smith get his way in unpacking his committee.

—Republican activity—there will be a stepping-up of GOP activity all along the line. Kennedy will be watched closely and will be attacked every time he gets out of step. Moreover, the GOP may come up with a program of its own instead of merely reacting to Administration proposals. There should be a sharpening of party discipline in the House, with House Minority Leader Charles Halleck cracking the whip with new vigor.

—Ideological orientation: conservative in the House with more Southerners joining in the coalition; the Senate will be more Liberal than before.

The Same Again Please: A Layman's Hopes of the Vatican Council

England's foremost novelist, speaking here as a Catholic layman, explains his opposition to major changes, particularly in the ritual of the Mass

EVELYN WAUGH

It is unlikely that the world's politicians are following the concluding sessions of the Vatican Council with the anxious scrutiny given to its opening stages in 1869. Then the balance of power in Europe was precariously dependent on the status of the papal states in Italy; France and Austria directly, Prussia indirectly, and the Piedmontese kingdom particularly, were involved in their future. Even Protestant England was intent. Gladstone had his own, personal, theological preoccupations and was in unofficial correspondence with Lord Acton, but Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Minister, and most of the cabinet studied the despatches of their agent, Odo Russell, (lately selected and edited with the title of *The Roman Question*) and pressed him for the fullest details. Manning was privately dispensed of his vow of secrecy in order that he might keep Russell informed. Queen Victoria ruled as many Catholics as Anglicans, a section of whom in Ireland were proving increasingly troublesome.

The Council, as is well known, adjourned in dramatic circumstances which seemed to presage disaster. Subsequent history confirmed its decisions. The Paris Commune obliterated Gallicanism. Bismarck's *Kulturkampf* alienated all respectable support of the dissident Teutons. All that Odo Russell had consistently predicted came about in spite of the wishes of the European statesmen.

The consultations resumed after their long recess and dignified by the title of the Second Vatican Council are not expected to have the same direct influence outside the Church. The popular newspapers have caught at phrases in the Pope's utterances to suggest that there is a prospect of

the reunion of Christendom. Most Christians, relying on the direct prophecies of Our Lord, expect this to occur in some moment of historical time. Few believe that moment to be imminent. The Catholic aspiration is that the more manifest the true character of the Church can be made, the more dissenters will be drawn to make their submission. There is no possibility of the Church's modifying her defined doctrines to attract those to whom they are repugnant. The Orthodox Churches of the East, with whom the doctrinal differences are small and technical, are more hostile to Rome than are the Protestants. To them the sack and occupation of Constantinople for the first half of the thirteenth century—an event which does not bulk large in the historical conspectus of the West—is as lively and bitter a memory as is Hitler's persecution to the Jews. Miracles are possible; it is presumptuous to expect them; only a miracle can reconcile the East with Rome.

Other Churches

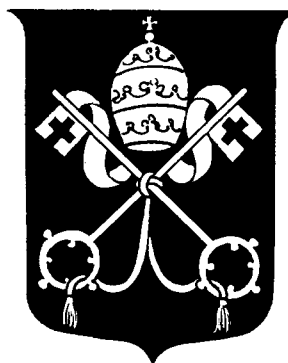
With the Reformed Churches, among whom the Church of England holds a unique position in that most of its members believe themselves to be a part of the Catholic Church of the West, social relations are warmer but intellectual differences are exacerbated. A century ago Catholics were still regarded as potential traitors, as ignorant, superstitious and dishonest, but there was common

ground in the acceptance of the authority of Scripture and the moral law. Nowadays, I see it stated, representative Anglican clergymen withhold their assent to such rudimentary Christian tenets as the Virgin birth and resurrection of Our Lord; in the recent prosecution of *Lady Chatter-*

ley's Lover two eminent Anglican divines gave evidence for the defense, one of them, a bishop, in the most imprudent terms. Another Anglican dignitary has given his approval to the regime which is trying to extirpate Christianity in China. Others have given their opinion that a man who believes himself threat-

ened by a painful death may commit suicide. Aberrations such as these, rather than differences in the interpretation of the Augustinian theory of Grace, are grave stumbling blocks to understanding.

It is possible that the Council will announce a definition of the *communicatio in sacris* with members of other religious societies which is forbidden to Catholics. Rigour is the practice of some dioceses, laxity of others. There is no universal rule, for example, about the celebration of mixed marriages. On the other hand some French priests, in an excess of "togetherness," are said to administer Communion to non-Catholics, an imprudence, if not a sacrilege, which can only be reprobed. The personal cordiality shown by the Pope to Protestants may well be the prelude to official encouragement to cooperate in social and humanitarian activities, which would remove the bitterness



from a condemnation of association in the sacraments.

The question of Anglican Orders is unlikely to be raised, but it is worth noting that the conditions have changed since their validity was originally condemned. Then the matter was judged on the historical evidence of the Reformation settlement. But since then there have been goings-on with *episcopi vagantes*, Jansenist Dutch and heterodox eastern bishops, with the result that an incalculable proportion of Anglican clergymen may in fact be priests. They may themselves produce individual apostolic, genealogical trees, but the results will be of little interest to the more numerous Protestant bodies to whom the Pope's paternal benevolence is equally directed.

The "Voice of the Laity"

A Catholic believes that whatever is enacted at the Council will ultimately affect the entire human race, but its immediate purposes are domestic—the setting in order of the household rudely disturbed in 1870. There are many questions of great importance to the constitution of the Church which do not directly affect the ordinary Catholic layman—the demarcation of dioceses, the jurisdiction of bishops, the setting to contemporary uses of the powers of the ancient religious orders, the changes necessary in seminaries to render them more attractive and more effective, the adaption of missionary countries to their new national status, and so forth. These can safely be left to the experience and statesmanship of the Fathers of the Council. But in the preliminary welcome which the project has enjoyed during the past three years there has been an insistent note that the "Voice of the Laity" shall be more clearly heard and that voice, so far as it has been audible in northern Europe and the U.S., has been largely that of the minority who demand radical reform. It seems to me possible that many of the assembled Fathers, whatever their own predictions, have an uneasy feeling that there is a powerful body of the laity urging them to decisions which are, in fact, far from the hopes of the larger but less vocal body of the faithful.

I speak for no one but myself but

I believe I am fairly typical of English Catholics. The fact that I was brought up in another society does not embarrass me. I have been a Catholic for thirty-two of what are technically known as my "years of reason"; longer, I think, than many of the "progressives"; moreover I think that a large proportion of European Catholics, despite their baptisms and first communions, are in fact "converts" in the sense that there came to them at some stage of adolescence or maturity the moment of private decision between acceptance and rejection of the Church's claims.

I believe that I am typical of that middle rank of the Church, far from her leaders, much further from her saints; distinct too from the doubting, defiant, despairing souls who perform so conspicuously in contemporary fiction and drama. We take little part, except where our personal sympathies are aroused, in the public life of the Church, in her countless pious and benevolent institutions. We hold the creeds, we attempt to observe the moral law, we go to Mass on days of obligation and glance rather often at the vernacular translations of the Latin, we contribute to the support of the clergy. We seldom have any direct contact with the hierarchy. We go to some inconvenience to educate our children in our faith. We hope to die fortified by the last rites. In every age we have formed the main body of "the faithful" and we believe that

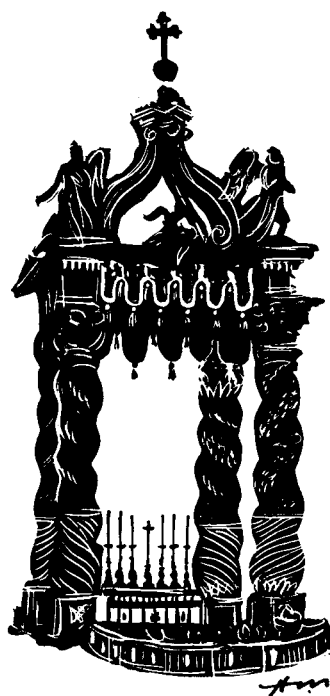
it was for us, as much as for the saints and for the notorious sinners, that the Church was founded. Is it our voice that the Conciliar Fathers are concerned to hear?

Three Questions

There are three questions of their authority which sometimes come to our attention.

One is the Index of Prohibited Books. I have been told that its promulgation depends on the discretion of the diocesan bishop. I do not know if it has been promulgated in my diocese. It is not at all easy to obtain a copy. When found, it is very dull, consisting largely of pamphlets and theses on forgotten controversies. It does not include most of the anthropological, Marxist and psychological theses which, uncritically read, might endanger faith and morals. Nor, as is popularly believed, does it include absurdities like *Alice in Wonderland*. There are a few works, such as Addison's essays, which one expects to find in any reputable home and several which are compulsory reading at the universities, but in general it is not a troublesome document. Sartre's presence on the list provides a convenient excuse for not reading him. But there is an obvious anomaly in preserving a legal act which is generally disregarded. I think most laymen would be glad if the Fathers of the Council would consider whether it has any relevance in the modern world; whether it would not be better to give a general warning of dangerous reading and to allow confessors to decide in individual cases, while retaining particular censorship only over technical books of theology which might be mistaken for orthodox teaching.

A second point is the procedure of ecclesiastical courts. Most laymen spend a lifetime without being involved with them, just as they live without acquaintance with criminal proceedings. Cases of nullity of marriage are, however, becoming more common and much vexation and often grave suffering is caused by the long delays which result from the congestion of the courts and their laborious methods. The layman does not question the authority of the law or the justice of the decision; it is simply that when he finds himself in doubt,



he thinks that he should know in a reasonable time his precise legal status.

Thirdly, it would be satisfactory to know the limits of the personal authority held by the bishop over the laity. No vows of obedience have been made. Not in England, but in many parts of the world it is common to see a proclamation enjoining the faithful "on pain of mortal sin" to vote in a parliamentary election or abstain from certain entertainments. Have our bishops in fact the right to bandy threats of eternal damnation in this way?

Liturgical Change

As the months pass and the Council becomes engrossed in its essential work, it is likely that the secular press will give less attention to it than it has done to its spectacular assembly. The questions for discussion are a matter of speculation to all outside the inner circle but there is a persistent rumour that changes may be made in the liturgy.

I lately heard the sermon of an enthusiastic, newly ordained priest who spoke, perhaps with conscious allusion to Mr. Macmillan's unhappy phrase about Africa, of a "great wind" that was to blow through us, sweeping away the irrelevant accretions of centuries and revealing the Mass in its pristine, apostolic simplicity; and as I considered his congregation, closely packed parishioners of a small country town of whom I regard myself as a typical member, I thought how little his aspirations corresponded with ours.

Certainly none of us had ambitions to usurp his pulpit. There is talk in Northern Europe and the United States of lay theologians. Certainly a number of studious men have read deeply in theology and are free with their opinions, but I know of none whose judgment I would prefer to that of the simplest parish priest. Sharp minds may explore the subtlest verbal problems, but in the long routine of the seminary and the life spent with the Offices of the Church the truth is most likely to emerge. It is worth observing that in the two periods when laymen took the most active part in theological controversy, those of Pascal and Acton, the laymen were in the wrong.

Reprints of this article are now available in booklet form. For full details see page 448.

Still less did we aspire to usurp his place at the altar. "The Priesthood of the Laity" is a cant phrase of the decade and abhorrent to those of us who have met it. We claim no equality with our priests, whose personal feelings and inferiorities (where they exist) serve only to emphasize the mystery of their unique calling. Anything in costume or manner or social habit that tends to disguise that mystery is something leading us away from the sources of devotion. The failure of the French "worker priests" is fresh in our memories. A man who grudges a special and higher position to another is very far from being a Christian.

As the service proceeded in its familiar way I wondered how many of us wanted to see any change. The church is rather dark. The priest stood rather far away. His voice was not clear and the language he spoke was not that of everyday use. This was the Mass for whose restoration the Elizabethan martyrs had gone to the scaffold. St. Augustine, St. Thomas à Becket, St. Thomas More, Challoner and Newman would have been perfectly at their ease among us; were, in fact, present there with us. Perhaps few of us consciously considered this, but their presence and that of all the saints silently supported us. Their presence would not have been more palpable had we been making the responses aloud in the modern fashion. It is not, I think, by a mere etymological confusion that the majority of English-speaking people believe that "venerable" means "old." There is a deep-lying connexion in the human heart between worship and age.

But the new fashion is for something bright and loud and practical. It has been set by a strange alliance between archeologists absorbed in their speculations on the rites of the second century, and modernists who wish to give the Church the character of our own deplorable epoch. In combination they call themselves "liturgists." The late Father Couturier, the French Dominican, was very active in enlisting the service of atheists in designing aids to devotion, but tourists are more common than worship-

pers in the churches he inspired. At Vence there is a famous little chapel designed in his extreme age by Matisse. It is always full of sightseers and the simple nursing sisters whom it serves are proud of their acquisition. But the Stations of the Cross, scrawled over a single wall, are so arranged that it is scarcely possible to make the traditional devotions before them. The sister in charge tries to keep the trippers from chattering but there is no one to disturb; on the occasions I have been there I have never seen anyone in prayer, as one always finds in dingy churches decorated with plaster and tinsel.

The new Catholic cathedral in Liverpool is circular in plan; the congregation are to be disposed in tiers, as though in a surgical operating theatre. If they raise their eyes they will be staring at one another. Backs are often distracting; faces will be more so. The intention is to bring everyone as near as possible to the altar. I wonder if the architect has studied the way in which people take their places at a normal parochial Mass. In all the churches with which I am familiar it is the front pews which are filled last.

The Significance of Easter

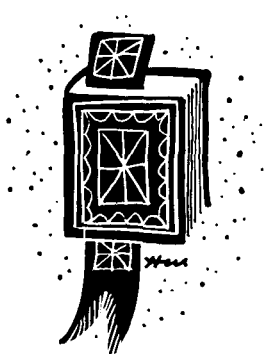
During the last few years we have experienced the triumph of the "liturgists" in the new arrangement of the services for the end of Holy Week and for Easter. For centuries these had been enriched by devotions which were dear to the laity—the anticipation of the morning office of Tenebrae, the vigil at the Altar of Repose, the Mass of the Presanctified. It was not how the Christians of the second century observed the season. It was the organic growth of the needs of the people. Not all Catholics were able to avail themselves of the services but hundreds did, going to live in or near the monastic houses and making an annual retreat which began with Tenebrae on Wednesday afternoon and ended at about midday on Saturday with the anticipated Easter Mass. During those three days time was conveniently apportioned between the rites of the Church and the discourses of the priest taking the retreat, with little temptation to distraction. Now nothing happens before Thursday evening. All Friday morn-

ing is empty. There is an hour or so in church on Friday afternoon. All Saturday is quite blank until late at night. The Easter Mass is sung at midnight to a weary congregation who are constrained to "renew their baptismal vows" in the vernacular and later repair to bed. The significance of Easter as a feast of dawn is quite lost, as is the unique character of Christmas as the Holy Night. I have noticed in the monastery I frequent a marked falling off in the number of retreatants since the innovations or, as the liturgists would prefer to call them, the restorations. It may well be that these services are nearer to the practice of primitive Christianity, but the Church rejoices in the development of dogma; why does it not also admit the development of liturgy?

There is a party among the hierarchy who wish to make superficial but startling changes in the Mass in order to make it more widely intelligible. The nature of the Mass is so profoundly mysterious that the most acute and holy men are continually discovering further nuances of significance. It is not a peculiarity of the Roman Church that much which happens at the altar is in varying degrees obscure to most of the worshippers. It is in fact the mark of all the historic, apostolic Churches. In some the liturgy is in a dead language such as Ge'ez or Syriac; in others in Byzantine Greek or Slavonic which differ greatly from the current speech of the people.

The question of the use of the vernacular has been debated until there is nothing new left to be said. In dioceses such as some in Asia and Africa where half a dozen or more different tongues are spoken, translation is almost impossible. Even in England and the United States where much the same language is spoken by all, the difficulties are huge. There are colloquialisms which, though intelligible enough, are barbarous and absurd. The vernacular used may either be precise and prosaic, in which case it has the stilted manner of a civil servant's correspondence, or poetic and euphonious, in which case

it will tend towards the archaic and less intelligible. The Authorized Version of the Bible of James I was



not written in the current tongue but in that of a century earlier. Mgr. Knox, a master of language, attempted in his translation of the Vulgate to devise a "timeless English" but his achievement has not been universally welcomed. I think it highly doubtful whether the average church-goer either needs or desires

to have complete intellectual, verbal comprehension of all that is said. He has come to worship, often dumbly and effectively. In most of the historic Churches the act of consecration takes place behind curtains or doors. The idea of crowding round the priest and watching all he does is quite alien there. It cannot be pure coincidence that so many independent bodies should all have evolved in just the same way. Awe is the natural predisposition to prayer. When young theologians talk, as they do, of Holy Communion as "a social meal" they find little response in the hearts or minds of their less sophisticated brothers.

No "Togetherness"

No doubt there are certain clerical minds to whom the behaviour of the laity at Mass seems shockingly unregimented. We are assembled in obedience to the law of the Church. The priest performs his function in exact conformity to rules. But we—what are we up to? Some of us are following the missal, turning the pages adroitly to introits and extra collects, silently speaking all that the liturgists would like us to utter aloud and in unison. Some are saying the rosary. Some are wrestling with refractory children. Some are rapt in prayer. Some are thinking of all manner of irrelevant things until intermittently called to attention by the bell. There is no apparent "togetherness." Only in heaven are we recognizable as the united body we are. It is easy to see why some clergy would like us to show more consciousness of one another, more evidence of taking part in a social "group activity." Ideally they are right, but that is to presuppose a

very much deeper spiritual life in private than most of us have achieved.

If, like monks and nuns, we arose from long hours of meditation and solitary prayer for an occasional excursion into social solidarity in the public recitation of the office, we should, unquestionably, be leading the full Christian life to which we are dedicated. But that is not the case. Most of us, I think, are rather perfunctory and curt in our morning and evening prayers. The time we spend in church—little enough—is what we set aside for renewing in our various ways our neglected contacts with God. It is not how it should be, but it is, I think, how it has always been for the majority of us and the Church in wisdom and charity has always taken care of the second-rate. If the Mass is changed in form so as to emphasize its social character many souls will find themselves put at a further distance from their true aim. The danger is that the Conciliar Fathers, because of their own deeper piety and because they have been led to think that there is a strong wish for change on the part of the laity, may advise changes that will prove frustrating to the less pious and the less vocal.

It may seem absurd to speak of "dangers" in the Council when all Catholics believe that whatever is decided in the Vatican will be the will of God. It is the sacramental character of the Church that supernatural ends are attained by human means. The inter-relation of the spiritual and material is the essence of the Incarnation. To compare small things with great, an artist's "inspiration" is not a process of passive acceptance of dictation. At work he makes false starts and is constrained to begin again, he feels impelled in one direction, happily follows it until he is conscious that he is diverging from his proper course, new discoveries come to him while he is toiling at some other problem, so that eventually by trial and error a work of art is consummated. So with the inspired decisions of the Church. They are not revealed by a sudden clear voice from Heaven. Human arguments are the means by which the truth eventually emerges. It is not really impertinent to insinuate one more human argument into the lofty deliberations.

Citizens of the Unworld

JAMES BURNHAM

The spokesmen of the United Nations and the United States have always denied that the objective of the UN Katanga operations has been to end Katanga's secession. They have invariably insisted that the fighting started in September 1961 by direct acts of Katangese aggression, and that UN troops opened fire solely in self-defense. It is easy to understand why this has been the official position. No UN resolution authorizes the objective of ending the secession. With respect to those objectives (such as "elimination of mercenaries") that are named—whether legitimately or not—in the governing resolution of February 21, 1961, no use of force is authorized except to stop civil war.

After a study of the available documents and a survey in the Congo, Prof. Ernest van den Haag, in the report on the Katanga fighting that he submitted last March to the American Committee to Aid Katanga Freedom Fighters, concluded: "Abundant positive evidence indicates that the alleged [UN] aims were but public relations disguises. The actual objective of the UN attack was to force Tshombe's surrender and to establish the rule over Katanga by the Central Government." This conclusion—which brought salvos of UN and State Department vilification down on both Prof. van den Haag and the Committee—has now been totally confirmed.

Blowing the Lid Off

Conor Cruise O'Brien—the "intelligent, cultured, arrogant, restless and ambitious" (I quote from Smith Hempstone's *Rebels, Mercenaries and Dividends*) Irish journalist, historian and diplomat who headed the UN mission in Katanga from spring to December 1961—has just blown the lid off the Katanga affair, blown it right through the roof. No source, obviously, could be more firsthand. O'Brien has written it all down in a witty, wicked book called *To Katanga and Back*, published November 12, in

England. Long excerpts were printed (Nov. 4, 11, 18) in the *Sunday Telegraph* (London).

O'Brien shows that the UN and State Department versions—including the official public documents—are plain lies on the crucial points. The key UN document S/4940, issued 14 September 1961 from Léopoldville while Hammarskjöld was there in personal command, gave the official account of the outbreak of the previous day's fighting as occasioned by Katangese arson in a UN garage and gunfire on UN troops. S/4940 was simply and flatly false, and known to be false by those who issued it. The fighting, in truth, "had its origin in Katanga-European resistance to a planned action by the UN"; i.e., the UN was the military aggressor. This document, and the subsequent official statements, were also "false politically, for the great political objective of the UN was—and necessarily remained—to end the secession of Katanga."

The UN operational plan had, in fact, been concerted in O'Brien's own office in Elisabethville by Mahmoud Khiari, deputy of Sture Linner, then UN chief for the entire Congo, and Fabry, a somewhat mysterious U.S. citizen of Czech origin who was legal adviser to the UN Congo operation. The plan had been given, moreover, a code name of itself sufficiently revealing: *Morthor*. O'Brien, after leaving that curious word tantalizingly suspended for some dozens of pages, explains: "*Morthor* is a Hindi word. It does not mean 'Sound the alarm; there is arson in the garage' or 'Let us now assist the provincial authorities to maintain order.' It means 'smash.'"

O'Brien, who is presently vice-chancellor of the University of Ghana, was perfectly willing to help smash Katanga. But he refuses to take the sole rap for the UN's dismal performance. In an Irish sort of way he seems above all contemptuous of the shoddy

hypocrisies and lies of the cut-rate Machiavellis in the UN and Foggy Bottom.

The Katanga plan was not the product of any of the UN's legally relevant institutions. Neither the Security Council nor the General Assembly nor the Secretariat as a whole nor the Congo Advisory Committee knew anything about it. The important telegrams from the field were shown to none of these bodies. ("The Congo Advisory Committee . . . seemed, in the light of the telegrams, more like a group of innocent bystanders being taken for a guided tour.")

Command was exercised by what O'Brien calls the "Congo Club." This consisted of Dag Hammarskjöld himself plus "an inner core of Americans round Mr. Hammarskjöld [principally Andrew Cordier, Ralph Bunche and Hans?? Wieschhoff], with an outer casing of neutrals, mainly Afro-Asians. [The Communists were] not represented in the Club, and care was taken to see that no member of the Secretariat who was a citizen of a Communist state saw the Congo telegrams."

The Hammarskjöld Way

And what, dear reader, was the motive for this discrimination, which perhaps surprises you on first hearing?

"This state of affairs was justified on the following grounds:

"A Soviet citizen, it was argued, was in an entirely different position from men like Cordier, Bunche and Wieschhoff. They could resist pressure from Washington; he could not resist pressure from Moscow. They were governed by the high, Hammarskjöldian conception of loyalty to the international organization alone; he [the Soviet representative, any Soviet representative] was ideologically committed . . . to the political outlook prevailing in one group of countries and he would be obliged, in terms of that outlook, to continue, while serving the UN, to give his first loyalty to the cause of Communism."

That paragraph surely deserves reading again, aloud, so that it may have a better chance to burn into the mind. He who grasps its full significance need search no further for an answer to the question: Why are we losing?

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

The 1962 Elections: The Turning of the Tide

GREAT historical tides turn slowly; and in the ruck and tumult of conflict, the moment of their turning may well seem but another moment in a long retreat—particularly to men whose lives and fortunes are engaged in the stupendous effort to turn the tide. The historian, soberly judging events in perspective, can see implicit in the inconclusive canonade of Valmy, the sweep of France over Europe; or in Saratoga, the independence of these United States; or in the battles of Midway and Moscow, the apogee and the coming destruction of the Japanese and German power. But to the men who fought these wars, the turn was unapparent. After these events they felt scarcely less beleaguered than before; and, indeed, long years of fighting lay ahead before the foreshadowed victory was in their hands.



Meyer

So, it seems to me, it is today in the bloodless war of conservatism to recover America for its traditions. The elections of this year registered, I believe, a basic shift in the structure of American politics—a shift which has for the first time brought the conservative challenge to Liberalism into the center of the American political arena. It is understandable that the inconclusiveness of the returns, as seen in terms of the immediate electoral battle, has left a good many conservatives discouraged. It is understandable, but it is not, I think, a true estimate of the election. Consider its outstanding features:

1. *The political structure of the election*—the terms in which it has been discussed almost universally by

television and radio and press. In a profound change—one which, as far as I know, has gone unnoticed—all the commentators have considered the results of the election in term of a conservative-Liberal confrontation, and they have done so whether they were trying to prove a victory for Liberalism, or a defeat for Liberalism, or a stand-off. This is new political language; it represents a coming-of-age of conservatism. It is true that there was much talk of a vague kind some years ago about Eisenhower's "conservatism"; but no congressional election has been so characterized all down the line, and, what is much more important, this time those who are called conservative are consciously and actually conservative.

2. *The muting of avowed ideological Liberalism.* Except in a few strongholds of ritualistic Liberalism, no serious effort was made to go before the voters with a sharp, clear Liberal position. This was in marked contrast to the conservative candidates, successful and unsuccessful, who everywhere pressed their position as conservatives.

The major last-minute factor in the election on the Democratic side, President Kennedy's Cuban *démarche*, was—on the surface—a conservative gesture. However craven the policy of the Administration may turn out to be and whatever further appeasement lies ahead, in the two weeks before election the image Kennedy felt constrained to present to the voters was shaped to conform a great deal more closely to the image of Senator Goldwater than to that of Adlai Stevenson.

Scranton and Romney, widely touted as symbols of the success of Liberal Republicanism, waged a campaign far removed, whatever their personal predilections, from the Liberal line: Romney presented, as always, two faces, but one of them

distinctly the face of the fiscally responsible businessman; Scranton skillfully and pragmatically appealed to the electorate on all levels. Even that whitened sepulchre of Liberalism and worse, Jacob Javits, talked so "tough" on Cuba in the weeks before election day that the *New York Times* rebuked him; and in his up-state campaign he was the very Model of a Modern Middle-of-the-Roader.

As for Nelson Rockefeller, still gallantly Liberal: despite all the busy little efforts to sew up the rents in his Presidential panoply, he suffered a serious setback. Instead of the widely heralded 750,000 to 1,000,000 majority, he fell well below the 572,000 of the last election, with a 500,000 plurality over Morgenthau and a mere 350,000 majority when the votes of the Conservative Party are taken into account—and this against the most incredibly inept candidate who has run for the governorship of New York within living memory.

Again, the impressive Democratic wins gave no comfort to ideological Liberalism: men like Congressman Stratton in New York, leaning far to the right wing of the Democratic Party, or Ted (I Can Get It For Massachusetts Wholesale) Kennedy. Here too the Liberal trumpet echoed faintly indeed when the voters were around.

3. *The conservative position in the Congress was significantly strengthened.* In the House, 85 out of 88 incumbents with an 80 per cent or better rating from Americans for Constitutional Action were reelected; and a dozen new firm conservatives joined their ranks. The three incumbents defeated—Rousselot, Hiestand and McDonough—went down before the combined effects of Democratic redistricting in California and the seesaw leadership of Richard Nixon. (If there is any question as to the meaning of the California election, consider that Max Rafferty, running on an outright conservative platform for State Superintendent of Public Instruction, won by approximately the quarter-million margin by which Nixon lost.)

As for the Senate, the conservatives elected in the Mountain States more than make up for the unfortunate defeat of Capehart of Indiana; and the slight Democratic gain over the

(Continued on p. 440)

What Dr. Gallup Wouldn't Dare

Two daring young men take a flying leap at political prediction.

Says one: Watch out for an Eisenhower-groomed dark horse.

Says the other: The GOP candidate will be the Rock.

Someone's in the Kitchen with Dinah

PHILIP R. BUSHNELL

Most discussions of the 1964 Republican National Convention assume that it is going to be a straight two-horse race between Rockefeller and Goldwater, rather like the 1937 match between War Admiral and Seabiscuit. And so it may prove. But there is considerable evidence that another stable may be planning an entry. And what makes the possibility more than ordinarily interesting is the fact that the dark horse, if he appears, may be wearing the colors of the famous Squire of Gettysburg, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Consider the evidence. Rockefeller is quite obviously conducting his own campaign for the nomination. His agents, led by New York's Republican National Committeeman George Hinman, have already fanned out around the country, picking up support here and there (as in Arkansas, where brother Winthrop lives) and asking for second-choice backing elsewhere (e.g., in California, where Republican politicians were asked well in advance to pledge themselves to Rocky if Nixon lost the governorship). The struggle has its ups and downs—as witness North Carolina, whose reportedly pro-Rockefeller Republican state chairman, William E. Cobb, was forced to resign when reporters discovered he was maintaining an extra wife in Roanoke, Virginia. But the point is: Rockefeller is definitely paddling his own canoe.

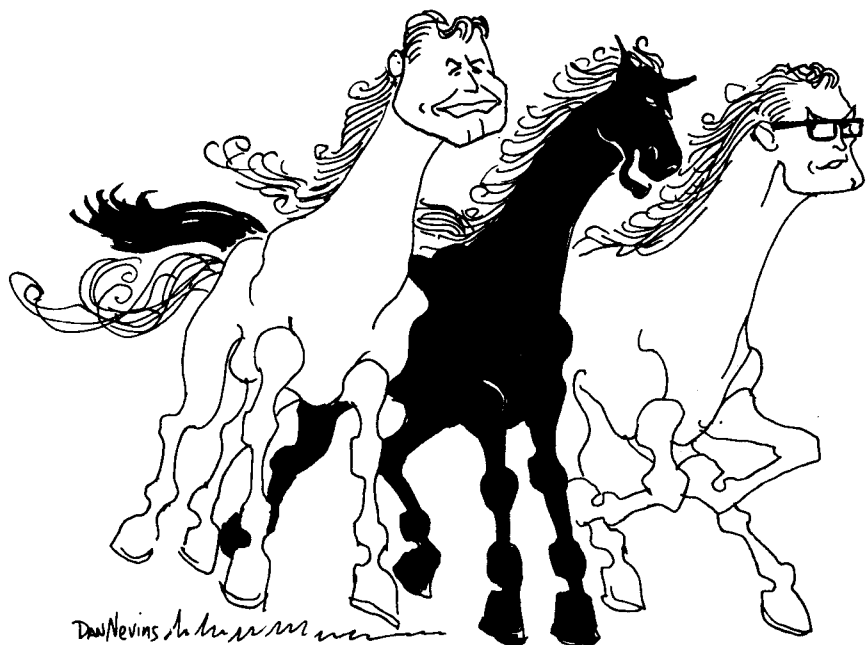
So is Goldwater. Thus far, to be sure, he has done very little paddling. As Chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, he was duty-bound to concentrate on the election of Republican senators this fall and keep his personal ambitions (if any) out of sight until 1963. There

are signs that a major effort to nominate him will be launched early next year; but meanwhile his "campaign" for the Presidential nomination is a strictly personal—and highly nominal—affair.

But what's all that activity down around Gettysburg? Golf, obviously, is hard to play at night, and there are indications that General Eisenhower is developing a belated interest in politics. But *cui bono*? He isn't working for Goldwater; that much is certain. And it seems almost equally unlikely that Ike would go around knocking himself out for the New York governor, even if he favored Rocky for the nomination (which is by no means clear). Rockefeller's state is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed and post o'er land and ocean without rest. Surely it would be enough if the popular ex-President

chose to serve the cause by merely standing and waiting. Instead, Eisenhower took an active part in the selection of a whole fistful of crucial gubernatorial nominees, each of which might well, if elected, control an important state delegation in 1964—and any one of whom might be an attractive compromise candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Thus, back in early 1961 Eisenhower openly endorsed the bid of his own Labor Secretary, James P. Mitchell, to become governor of New Jersey. The bid failed—but the effort was significant. Late last year Ike's former Interior Secretary, Fred Seaton, gently but firmly preempted the 1962 Republican gubernatorial nomination in Nebraska. Like Mitchell, Seaton proved another light that failed come election day. This spring, Eisenhower virtually shoved Representative Scranton down the throat of the Pennsylvania GOP, by publicly declaring that Scranton's chief rival would make a "miserable" candidate for governor. Also this spring, com-



petent observers reported that the General's influence could be detected in George Romney's well-oiled ramble toward the governorship of Michigan. And meanwhile, of course, Eisenhower himself was spending month after month in Palm Springs—hard by the Los Angeles bailiwick of Richard Nixon, the would-be governor of California. (Ike's score at this reading: two up and three down.)

Perhaps all this merely indicates Eisenhower's passion, however belated, for the cause and candidates of the Republican Party. But it also bears a striking resemblance to the famous and successful pre-convention strategy of Thomas E. Dewey, whereby Eisenhower himself was nominated in 1952: namely, win the governors to your cause, and let the senators and congressmen go hang; it is the governors who, by virtue of their state patronage, control the delegates—and hence the convention. But, even if this is his strategy, how can one be sure Ike is not merely engaging in a covert pro-Rockefeller operation?

There is, first of all, the point already mentioned: ex-Presidents don't ordinarily get out and hustle quite so hard for a candidate who is obviously capable of waging his own campaign. A word of encouragement here, a pat on the back there, even a solid endorsement when the time comes—yes; but not all *this*!

Second, there is remarkably little evidence that Eisenhower really *wants* Rockefeller to get the nomination. He has always been publicly cordial to him, and there is no doubt that Ike—Modern Republican that he is—would prefer Rockefeller to Goldwater if it came to that. But it is a curious fact that not even Rockefeller's own drumbeaters have ever claimed Eisenhower's tacit endorsement—as, for example, Nixon's camp quite rightly claimed it in 1959-60. And Ike himself has never “leaked” a preference for the New Yorker.

But most convincing to sophisticated political observers, on the subject of Ike's playing an independent hand, is the great story of W. Alton Jones and the \$69,000.

Jones, you will recall, was the wealthy oil executive who died tragically in the crash of a commercial airliner at Idlewild last March while en route to a week with his old friend Eisenhower. It transpired that Mr. Jones was carrying with him to Palm Springs \$62,000 in

cash and \$7,000 more in travelers' checks. It is entertaining to speculate what would have happened if an Eastern oilman on a flying visit to Goldwater had crashed while carrying that much money.

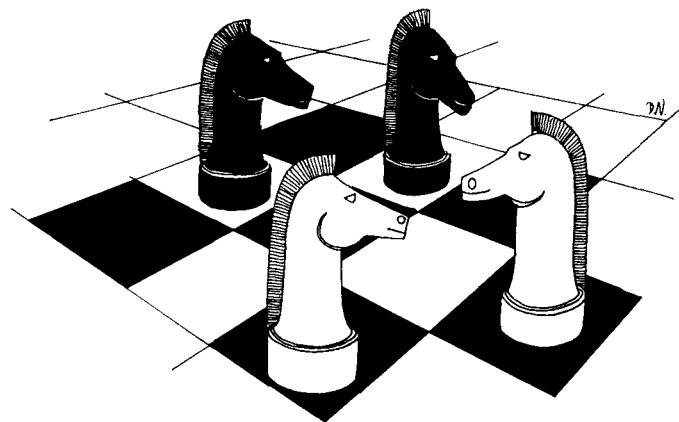
At a minimum, there would have been the biggest hullabaloo since the “Nixon fund” of 1952. Conceivably the earth would have stopped spinning on its axis until a prurient press and a hot-eyed congressional investigating committee got to the bottom of the matter.

But Mr. Jones was flying to see Ike, not Barry; and the late tycoon's associates calmly explained that he *always* liked to carry plenty of cash with him, as a hedge against the danger that he might see something irresistibly attractive in a window (four Rolls Royces, perhaps) and be unable to satisfy his craving for ownership on the instant. The newspapers naturally accepted this perfectly logical explanation and dropped the subject forthwith.

The money was, of course, in fact destined for political purposes—purposes approved by Mr. Eisenhower, and probably including the campaigns of one or more of the gubernatorial hopefuls mentioned above. (It is even possible that the whole caboodle was intended for Richard Nixon; the coffers of the California GOP are in desperate condition this year, thanks to the extra-partisan inroads of Robert Welch, Dr. Fred Schwarz and others.)

Ike's Operations

Now, there is nothing in the least illegal about transporting money—even that much money—across a state line for political purposes (though the beneficiary's opponents naturally deplore it, if they find out about it). The point is that the episode affords a fascinating glimpse into the heart of Mr. Eisenhower's political operations—and Nelson Rockefeller is nowhere to be seen. No doubt the Rock has in recent years dispatched far more than \$69,000 to various cohorts around the country; but it seems highly unlikely



that he would use Mr. Eisenhower as an intermediary, when he could easily send the money by a personal agent who would make sure that credit was given where it was due. And it seems still less likely that the New York governor would splash that kind of change around California, where some of it might rub off on Richard Nixon and help revive that ancient obstacle to Rockefeller's career.

No, the ex-President is playing a hand of his own. Or, perhaps more accurately, he and several hard-to-glimpse associates are playing it together—for there is evidence here of more adroitness and political know-how than Ike ever displayed before. The plan was evidently to arrive at the convention in control of a substantial number of large states—California, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Nebraska, to name just a few—uncommitted to either Goldwater or Rockefeller. Then, when the gingham dog and the calico cat have eaten each other up, some shiny new governor (Nixon, Scranton, Romney, or Seaton—they all have their backers) would be presented, perhaps by Ike himself, as the Logical Compromise.

It hasn't quite worked out that way, but then politics is not an exact science—and certainly not as practiced by Mr. Eisenhower. His men didn't come through in California and Nebraska. But Rocky came out of the New York election with his laurels as a glamor-boy vote-getter considerably wilted. The General's stable of dark horses is smaller than planned—that is true—but at this reading in the immediate post-election period, there is no stand-out contender for the 1964 Republican nomination.

Rockefeller's money can work wonders, but he is widely resented and resisted in Republican circles outside the northeastern United States. Goldwater is the indisputable

favorite of the average Republican worker, and probably of the average Republican; but there is always the old refrain, "Can he win?" To see that he can indeed win—by carrying a combination of Midwestern and Southern states unavailable to any other Republican candidate—may take more courage and imagination than 1,200 tired delegates can muster.

The War of the Poses

D. J. STEWART

The pundits are still predicting that the next Presidential contest will be between John Kennedy and Nelson Rockefeller. I would here dwell on some oddities inherent in any such confrontation. And the first of these arises out of any Republican convention that gives the job to Mr. Rockefeller. The reporters and columnists will romance us with statements that Goldwater was the sentimental favorite but the hardheaded politicians had to pick a man who could win, that the Midwest will wangle assurances that no more pestiferous Liberal legislation will be pushed, or that Nelson had to brass-knuckle the fierce partisans of Romney, Goldwater, Scranton, etc.

None of which will be true, however, because of the makeup of the typical GOP politician, who if not *homo sapiens*, is always and foremost, *homo prudens*. He does not have sentiment. Except in the few one-party states he rules securely, the Republican politician always tries to nominate a candidate who can spook and divide the opposition—all other considerations lag far behind. And if the fabulous Dentatus is sent to do battle for the GOP, then the target will be, not the conservative wing of the Democratic Party, but the Liberal wing. For the GOP will decide on its nominee by a comparison of the spookifying qualities demonstrated by the several contenders. The next step will be to decide which part of the Democrats' so-called Party can be, and needs to be, blitzed for a Republican victory. Since the GOP can probably keep as much of the South as it got in 1960 without much effort, and stands a good chance of winning Texas, the next item on the agenda will be to plot a gimmick for beating JFK's hold on the Atlantic

If so, Boss Eisenhower may yet carry the day against both Rockefeller and Goldwater. And who is beside him or behind him? It is too dark there to see clearly; but remember who devised the strategy of Going After Governors. In the shadows behind Ike, various dim figures are moving. Is one of them wearing a mustache?

seaboard. The winning combination must begin with a successful raid on the mid-Atlantic. Of the available champions, Rockefeller will be thought to have the best chance to bring off the booty. These calculations are suggested by the admitted fact that the GOP is a minority party, and they are demanded by the fact that even this minority party can win by taking advantage of the natural tendency of the majority party to fly into schism and anarchy. Then it only remains to decide which wheel of the Democratic wagon shows the strongest signs of coming unstuck. The crucial and deciding electoral votes must come, say, from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and the like. If Rockefeller gets the nod, it will mean that he is conceded the best chance to take these states, and hold most of what Nixon won in '60. But it will also mean that he will have looked more attractive—on pragmatic grounds—than other candidates: than Goldwater, who talks that kind of 90-proof Republicanism that GOP politicians love so much (though not enough to stake their lives on it) and than Romney, who projects a nice mature "image" and a wonderful bugaboo against "bigness."

Lord Nelson and TR

This, I think, will put Lord Nelson in a false position, and it is likely that he may react much like that politician he so much resembles, and from whom he has learned so much, including especially the art of the public grin and the technique of bullying—Theodore Roosevelt. The Republican politicians—who love nothing more than spying on their own President, may find that they have tied themselves to another "cowboy" in

Mr. Rockefeller, and great groans may issue from their breasts, for Rockefeller, like TR, will predictably put on a great show. But TR's defiance of the bosses was mostly an act, and his challenge to the trusts was humbug (as both Mark Twain and Mencken persistently pointed out). The symbiosis of Roosevelt and the bosses was uncomfortable but genuine. And one could hardly expect Rockefeller's to be different. It will be sufficient for both parties to the compact for the candidate to flex his muscles and holler in conservative areas—then he can play Liberal to his heart's content in the Liberal East.

There are increasing weather-signs that this will be the case, for the GOP fathers cannot have failed to heed the fact that JFK is by way of augmenting rather than controlling his party's centrifugal bent. The votes of Congress show this. But he cannot be counted on to do the whole job himself. In 1960 he lost everything he could reasonably be expected to lose, and still won. Not even his singular ill-success in promoting welfarist measures will shake the Atlantic area, if a real conservative is nominated by the Republicans. Granted, the Liberals are feverish and unhappy—being superstitious people they have exaggerated faith in luck and want to back a winner. Moreover, being violently opposed to changing their minds, they dearly long for some good reason for rejecting JFK, who, they remember, was a late and suspect convert to Liberalism as well as a Catholic (the—currently suppressed—Liberal dogma denies such people the ability to "think freely"), with aristocratic pretensions. None of this, however, could bring them to support a Goldwater or Tower. But the nomination of Rockefeller will keep them up nights, puckering their brows, tearing their hair and casting horoscopes to find an imperative for abandoning the Democratic Party. They will find it. They will remember what JFK did to Bowles! And to Adlai!

It will occur to them that Kennedy is far from the Liberals' ideal as President. He is not even a second-class Liberal, like Truman the neopopulist or circus Liberal, let alone a first-rate or neo-Platonic Liberal like Woodrow Wilson. The latter was the perfect Liberal, filled with the helium of ideology and the fury of a dervish, as well as with low cunning and violent prejudice. Kennedy hardly fills

the bill. Even if he were the worst President ever he could not go raging after ideologies; it's not in him to play the messiah. When he first horned in on the Lodge family seat in the Senate, he acquired not merely the job, but the Lodge perquisites, among the chief of which was to receive those gifts at the hands of democracy—all the while standing slightly back, smirking at the rites of that American democracy, with half a mind somewhere else—only partly committed to the shenanigans and always protected, like the Duke of Dorset at Oxford, from the fate of the general. He is forever the Harvard Exquisite and only latterly the Harvard Liberal. He cannot feel the ancient rages of his forebears against either the few people or the craven Sassenach. He pleases the crowd by openly accepting its adulation, a tribute achieved as much by his aloof style as by anything more concrete.

Since ascending the curule chair it has been with him much the same. His awkward series of mischances have hardly seemed awkward for

him. Only in the steel mess, where his personal *dignitas* was affronted, did he display real annoyance. Such a string of troubles as he has faced would have had Wilson or FDR out about the country, pounding the key-board of uproar; and TR would have been sharpening his ax and seeking a popular victim for his high rage. Kennedy can tickle the mob or throw it imperial largesse, but he can no more put on Wilson's prophetic robes and call the people to skin the heathen, than he can assume Truman's role of the bloody and beleaguered tribute. Tied to such a champion, who pronounces the correct Liberal charms in the manner the elder Lodge used in pretending to have faith in democracy, the Liberals will be skittish and ripe for scaring.

The Ideal Agent

The ideal agent for such scarifying is Nelson Rockefeller. I have dilated upon the inherently contradictory position he will occupy: playing Liberal and conservative to different

sections and groups in the country. But this uneasy state can be cleansed of dangers by an attempt—predictably and inevitably disingenuous—to subsume and nullify all contradictions in the vibrant and herculean figure of a “man of energy,” i.e., a blowhard and a mountebank. Thus Lord Nelson not only innately resembles TR—he is stepping into a role that demands an even closer imitation of that old master of alarums. All the characteristics and techniques of Roosevelt I will be required: mob-master, circus clown, bully and animal trainer. The ability to say one thing and do another is already conceded to Rocky by all observers; his knack of making a victory over a negligible opponent seem a Homeric feat has been demonstrated in his choice of opponents—especially the weary Harriman and the melancholy Morgenthau.

In all this the resemblance to Teddy increases. Does he have Teddy's liabilities? Well—TR had his bad days, especially with Boss Platt. But nobody bosses New York but Rocky. TR met his match in Wilson, but that was after he had made a bloody mess of the GOP, when the country was entranced with Wilson's hysterical demagoguery. One wonders if JFK could bamboozle such a barnstormer as either Roosevelt or Rockefeller.

I make no predictions, but if the choice comes to this, we are in for a brilliant spectacle. Even though there has now been issued an *Also Sprach Rockefeller* on foreign policy, we can hardly expect a discussion of the real issues, or even the counterpoint of slang and innuendo that usually marks the national lottery. With so much of the press effectively reduced to tedious prosings about the arrival of new dynasties and other ignoranda, the contest will focus entirely on the idiom of each candidate: it will be an interesting study in contrasts: the master of ambush v. the master of strategem and circumvention; Turk v. Venetian; Peter the Great v. Bismarck; Lorenzo v. Barbarossa. Rocky will busy himself, sweating violently to arouse the voters to a fever; Jack will endeavor to reduce his legions to order with a sneer or a sniff. Or, in the words Mencken used to depict TR and the elder Lodge, imagine the Emperor of Mountebanks v. the Prince of Cynics!



Is India Defensible?

What's Communist China up to? She's setting India up for a take-over through subversion, which would be the beginning of the end for free Asia

PRAKASH C. JAIN

New Delhi

You asked me: What do I, as an anti-Communist Indian, think America can and should do in the present crisis? First, I'll explain the situation. As I see it, what is happening in India today closely parallels the pattern of Communist aggression in Laos and South Vietnam. Ever since the conquest of Tibet, Communist China has been strongly entrenching itself in the Himalayas: it has built roads, airfields, supply depots and concentrated forces in the bleak mountains along the northeast frontier. It now plans to extend its influence southward into the India plains.

Here in New Delhi this isn't regarded as a major attempt by Mao Tse-tung to subjugate India *militarily*. The express aim of the Chinese is to annex Bhutan, Sikkim and the North East Frontier Agency (NEFA) to their slave empire. Once they have succeeded in doing this—if they do—they would be in a position to dictate a government of their choice in New Delhi. If opposed, they would have the bases from which to launch and supply a campaign of internal subversion in India using the same guerrilla tactics they have been improving and polishing since the Long March to Yenan in the thirties. The old saying, "Conquerors always come over the mountains," seems more cogent than ever to Indians today.

United but Unprepared

The sudden attack by the Chinese has united the people of India as they have seldom been in recent years. But it finds them totally unprepared. The only way India could check the Chinese advance into NEFA or prevent an attack on Nepal and Bhutan would be to bomb and destroy the enemy supply depots and strategic roads in Tibet. But the authorities hesitate to resort to bombardment

for fear of retaliation. Most of north India, including the complex of industrial cities of the Bihar and Bengal belt, is within half an hour's flying time of the newly-built Chinese air bases in Tibet. And China reportedly has 5,000 Soviet-supplied MIGs on hand. India has no fighter planes. India has no radar.

We are now getting arms from the United States and from some of the Commonwealth nations. But Soviet diplomats have warned that if the present inflow of arms becomes a flood, the USSR will be forced to side openly with Red China and presumably to supply her with war matériel as well. India cannot take on Communist China and the Soviet Union at the same time. The only country in the world which could would be the United States. But it is obvious that the United States would prefer to keep this war localized.

Could India improve its situation by urging Chiang Kai-shek to launch his oft-threatened invasion of the mainland? It's a thought, but little more than that since the United States has made it abundantly clear that the last thing she wants is a foray onto the Chinese mainland.

Could India harass China through setting up a Tibetan government-in-exile under the Dalai Lama on Indian soil? Again, this proposal is of little practical value. It would only be important if India could supply Tibetan freedom fighters with arms. But India hasn't the arms to spare, and her supply lines are already overstrained in keeping her own beleaguered troops armed and fed.

India should certainly take one important step. It should ban the Communist Party, jail its leaders, smash its apparatus: make it difficult, in short, for the Communists to mount an effective campaign of systematic internal subversion. But on this step there is confusion in high quarters.

The Communists, playing on Mr. Nehru's unlimited credulity, have passed a resolution supporting his defense effort and thus ingratiated themselves in his eyes.

The Nature of the Enemy

The people are aroused. A patriotic fervor has swept the nation. Indians are prepared to sacrifice. But they don't know the real nature of the enemy or the long-term implications of the present situation—nobody has ever told them these facts. They have been fed a diet of Communist propaganda for ten years or more, so that even today they are hard put to tell the difference among a Communist, a fellow-traveler and a patriot. The Indian press in the past has never encouraged any point of view opposed to that of Mr. Nehru and Mr. Krishna Menon. It is not welcoming opposition views now either.

Despite all warnings, Pandit Nehru some years ago allowed himself to be sold Chou En-lai's "Five Principles of Panch Sila" (peaceful coexistence). For thirteen years, India encouraged the growth of Communism all over the globe. She watched the Chinese dragon gobble up Tibet, on her own borders, without protest. And with blind faith in Communist promises, India failed to mobilize and take the proper military precautions while yet there was time.

Internally, India faces serious civilian shortages in the months ahead as the industry switches over to a war economy. We can foresee rising prices without compensatory increases in wages or profits. There will be discontent which the Communists will fan into flame. We can expect street brawls, riots and food marches.

A swarm of American journalists, TV cameramen and radio reporters will soon descend on India. And as some find their way to the front to

report on the fighting, others will discover, as they did with Chiang Kai-shek in China, with Syngman Rhee in Korea, and are now doing with President Diem in Vietnam that the Indian Government is thoroughly corrupt, inefficient and dictatorial and will never win its battle unless it can gain the support of the people—all the people—through further liberalization of the regime. This, in practice, means sharing power with the Communists whether these last are operating under their own banner or under cover of other parties.

In this situation, how is the United States going to react? If the pattern of Laos or South Vietnam holds true, she will send us food, arms and other supplies and, if invited, military instructors and technicians—possibly even pilots. As I see it, America will supply enough to keep India going,



but not enough to enable India to win a quick victory because such help might escalate into world war.

In this situation what *should* America do?

I think America should give us as many arms, as many planes and as much food and other necessities as she can—on any terms India wants. The stakes are that high, not only for India but for the rest of Asia and Africa as well. As the British strategist Reginald Hargreaves wrote in *NATIONAL REVIEW* [Sept. 26, 1959] in a prescient article in which he forecast the present situation:

India is the linchpin which holds together the whole precarious spilikin structure of the "neutralist" and "uncommitted" East. There are 450 million non-Sino Asiatics dwelling in the lands contiguous to India. Since their political destiny cannot be separated from that of their bigger neighbor, the fate achieved by, or inflicted upon, the sub-continent's 400 million inhabitants will inevitably be theirs also.

No amount of matériel, alone, will

solve the problem. What the United States must realize is the three-pronged nature of Communism: that it is a complete ideology, a highly developed system of insidious tactics, and a military creed. Unless Communism is attacked simultaneously on all these fronts, it cannot be defeated. Ideology cannot be fought with technology, nor can Communist tactics be defeated by such virtues as simplicity, spontaneity, or friendship.

Therefore, my first suggestion is that any person sent to India from America on whatever mission should be thoroughly trained in these subjects. What India needs are not propagandists for America but ideologues of freedom.

My second suggestion is that America immediately help establish in India a number of ideological centers under men of proven insight on

Communism. Those centers should, through lectures and literature, inform the people about the real nature and tactics of Communism. Until this is done, there is danger that the South

Vietnam story of ill-clad, emaciated, empty-eyed peasants fighting for the Viet Cong will be repeated here.

One further job of these centers should be to expose Communist tactics of subversion and infiltration wherever they find them. For example, I heard this morning that the Communists have been very active on India's northern border in distributing literature describing the blessings of Communist rule in Tibet and other areas. These centers should investigate such reports and, if they are found to be correct, adopt counter-measures.

India is at present in an anti-Communist tizzy. Her people feel betrayed and let down by the Communist world. But emotions, unless turned into intellectual convictions, wear out very soon. So far, America and other freedom-loving countries have been trying to win over the people's hearts through economic aid. What is needed for victory is the steeling of people's minds.

THE 1962 ELECTIONS

(Continued from p. 434)

Republicans has the incidental advantage of retiring Wiley of Wisconsin, whose inveterate Liberalism has long confused Republican policy on foreign affairs.

4. *The center of gravity of the Republican Party has shifted basically to the Right.* The Republican inroads into the South make the Southern Republicans, who are outstandingly conservative, a new force in the counsels of the party. The strengthening of the "Young Turks" in the House of Representatives—both because they are now no longer freshmen and are therefore able to play a much larger role, and because the newly elected conservatives add to their ranks—makes them a vitally important conservative factor in the party. The political elimination of Richard Nixon and the unimpressive showing of Rockefeller in New York shift the balance further to the Right. The showing of the Conservative Party in New York (close to 150,000 votes, with meager funds and without organization or well-known candidates) is the handwriting on the wall for Liberal domination of the Republican Party in New York, and it is likely to serve as a warning to the Republican leadership in other states that conservative sentiment cannot be ignored.

None of this is a guarantee either of the nomination of a conservative candidate for the Presidency in the Republican convention of 1964, or of his victory in the election if he is nominated. That depends on many factors—not least the vigor and quality of conservative leadership. But this election does signalize, I would maintain, a massive, if quiet, turning of the tide. It does portend the *possibility* of a Presidential victory in 1964, if events and the policy of the Kennedy Administration take the course which seems today likely, and if conservative leadership acts with the understanding and skill the situation demands. It portends the *high probability* of a more and more consciously conservative Congress in the years ahead. And, after all, decisive power rests in the hands of a Congress determined to use that power and conscious of its responsibility under the Constitution.

Letter from London

Pity the Poor Liberals

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

After the wind, the whirlpool. Mr. Macleod, the chairman of the Conservative Party, has been talking about "the whirlpool of change." The first task of Conservatives, he said, "is to welcome change, to understand it, and to move in sympathy with it."



There speaks a true progressive. We are not invited to decide whether any particular change is a change for the better or a change for the worse: we are merely told to welcome it because it is change. Mr. Macleod is, in a sense, quite right. The political situation is certainly in flux; which makes it all the more necessary to steer by unchanging principles, rather than just going with the stream.

The two most spectacular developments, Britain's application to join the Common Market and the revival of the Liberal Party, have now come together in a peculiarly paradoxical way. The result is anybody's guess, but the present tangle is well worth a glance.

First, the Common Market. At long last public opinion has really been roused; not roused to any very good effect, of course, for the matter is far too complicated, but the Common Market is certainly being talked about. Apart from the political views of the extreme Right ("selling out the empire") and the extreme Left ("tying ourselves to reactionary dictatorships"), opinion divides roughly along class lines. The businessmen and financiers and just about all sophisticated commentators are in favor; the average worker is opposed. Management sees opportunities; the labor unions see competition.

The meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in September made little difference. As Sir Alexander Bustamante of Jamaica put it bitterly, "There is no need for a multiplicity of words. Britain is going in whatever we say." The Commonwealth

Prime Ministers complained but had no real alternative to offer. Most of them seemed to regard Britain simply as a milch-cow: they were not prepared to make any sacrifices of their own, either economic or political, to strengthen the Commonwealth. When South Africa was forced out a year ago, Mr. Menzies of Australia told Sir Roy Welensky of Rhodesia that he was afraid this might be the beginning of the end and it looks very much as though Mr. Menzies may have been right. Southern Rhodesia, I would guess, will be driven to join South Africa before very long.

So in Whitehall and Westminster the decision has been made. Britain is going into the Common Market on almost any reasonable terms. Mr. Macmillan sees it as the great historical thing he can do for his country. But there is one man who could prevent him: not General de Gaulle, not Dr. Adenauer, not any of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, but Mr. Gaitskell. For once the Leader of the Opposition is far from powerless. He holds in his hands an absolute deterrent.

If Mr. Gaitskell were to say flatly, "The next Labor Government will not consider itself bound by any agreement which the present government makes," no agreement with the Six could possibly be signed until after a General Election. The left-wing Socialists are urging Mr. Gaitskell to deliver this ultimatum. He is still trying to evade such a dangerous, and constitutionally dubious, move: but he agrees that Mr. Macmillan ought to hold an election before taking Britain into Europe. "Let the people decide," he says.

Mr. Gaitskell, in fact, is simply playing politics. His hand is strong, for Labor seems quite likely to win the next election; not because the electors have a taste for socialism but because they are disenchanted with Tories and intoxicated by the Liberals. The Liberal Party is bubbling like a champagne bottle. By splitting

the non-Socialist vote, it could easily put a Labor Government in.

If the Socialists were elected but without a working majority, perhaps without an absolute majority at all, Mr. Grimond has said the Liberals would support them. This commitment to the Left is not surprising in view of what went on at the Liberal Party Conference this year. It was a very left-wing occasion indeed. To the anguish of old-fashioned Liberals the Party's bright new recruits demanded union representatives on every Board of Directors; rejected a motion attacking the closed shop; called for higher government spending on houses, roads, education, pensions and many other "social benefits"; and dismissed a plea for tax cuts. A Liberal Housing Committee declared that old people living in houses too big for their needs should be sent to other accommodations by local authorities, *even if they are owner-occupiers*. Mr. Gladstone must have turned in his grave.

But now for the paradox. There was one subject on which Liberal enthusiasm positively blew the cork from the bottle: the Common Market. Delegates were in favor, they were wildly in favor, they were in favor on any terms.

Which leaves Mr. Grimond in a very odd situation. If the Liberals are instrumental in putting a Labor Government into power, they will be instrumental in keeping Britain out of Europe. And if the Labor Government has only an unworkable majority, what will Mr. Grimond do? He surely cannot support a government specifically opposed to his own view on the most important of all contemporary issues. The whirlpool of change has trapped the Liberals, too.

"I like politics," said Mr. Grimond the other day. "Otherwise I would give it up." That, of course, is just the trouble. I can't help feeling that a truly good and wise man ought not to like democratic party politics, ought not to enjoy its endless hypocrisies and cheap jibes and compromises. He should be found, like Cincinnatus, at the plough, and dragged protesting to the Senate House. But neither Mr. Grimond nor Mr. Gaitskell is like that; nor is Mr. Macleod; nor is Mr. Khrushchev, nor Dr. Nkrumah; nor even, I fancy, President Kennedy.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Are Children Idiots?

New primers and readers are coming off the presses nowadays—of varying merit. Some weeks ago, in this page, I mentioned the promising series of grade-school readers being prepared by Professor Arther S. Trace Jr., to be published by the Open Court people. Now I am informed of some other sound primary textbooks published by Henry Regnery Company: a phonics primer got up in cooperation with the 3 R Schools of California, to be followed by a speller and an arithmetic. Also the Regnery firm, in cooperation with the Academy of Basic Education, is bringing out a first-grade reading book, a grammar, a speller, and a composition manual.



Kirk

All to the good. But the long-dominant imbecile-reader is putting up a fight for survival. In Detroit, recently, there was issued a series of "pre-primers" (first-grade readers) designed for use in the "Great Cities" program. These new primers are entitled *Play with Jimmy*, *Laugh with Larry*, and *Fun with David*. "Run, run. Run and get the ball. See the ball, Larry. Larry can get the ball." So runs the text of these works, obviously calculated to stir the higher imagination of the rising generation.

These Great Cities primers are no worse than those already in use in most elementary schools. But what one must deplore is the fact that the Great Cities program is supposed to be an experimental, forward-looking undertaking, subsidized one-third by the Ford Foundation and two-thirds by the participating cities. In Detroit, this program is headed by a highly intelligent young administrator. The principal purpose of the Great Cities program is to use public schools for the restoration of community and purpose among people in some of the worst American slums. So just how do these dreary new primers advance this work?

Well, for one thing, the illustrations attempt to give the pupils a picture of reality as they know it, rather than the pictures of prosperous suburbia that are printed in most basic readers. Also many colored children are shown in the pictures, in contrast to the Little Blond Nordics who lord it over standard textbooks. And instead of a picture of a lake, there appears a small portable wading pool.

"Culturally Disadvantaged"

Not much mischief, and possibly some good, may be done by these illustrations. What is more disturbing is the effort made by the authors of the Great Cities readers to confine vocabulary to words already employed by the typical child of a run-down urban area, "culturally disadvantaged." The question at once arises, "Can the culturally disadvantaged child ever become advantaged if his words and images in school are confined to the street vocabulary he already possesses?"

The *Detroit Free Press* comments: "The mental holding power of the material is something that even our most 'culturally disadvantaged' children left behind years ago. They might play in a wading pool, if they're lucky enough, but they aren't the least bit interested in reading about some other child doing it."

Even though children in the slums come from homes without books, ordinarily, and often from parents without schooling and perhaps of markedly inferior intellectuality, it does not follow that all these boys and girls are irrevocable boobs. But one way to discourage them from mental and moral development is to insult them with basic readers that seem fixed at the mongoloid level.

Dr. Max Rafferty, author of *Suffer, Little Children* (Devin-Adair), and a Californian superintendent of schools, recently contrasted such pabulum with the reading that once was expected of American school-children: reading to quicken the fancy and the conscience. We have closed doors upon our children, he said, depriving them of wonder and adventure:

Apart and in a happy company leaped and played the Child Immortals. Hand in hand with long-haired Alice walked Christopher Robin, bright eyes alert for talking rabbits and greedy little bears. Sturdy Jim Hawkins counted his pieces of eight and chaffed with Captain Flint, while young Tom Sawyer kept a wary lookout for the menace that was Injun Joe. A battered raft floated to immortality upon the broad bosom of the Father of Waters, and Huck became the apotheosis of all boys everywhere. Meg, Jo, and Beth chattered gaily to Amy, and Dorothy skipped arm in arm with the Scarecrow down the Yellow Brick Road. Remember? . . . It remained for our generation to turn its back upon the heroes of the children. For Siegfried in the lair of Fafnir, we have substituted Muk-Muk the Eskimo Boy, and we have replaced Horatius at the Bridge with Little Pedro from Argentina.

The dullness and ethical indifference of the typical modern school curriculum, Dr. Rafferty says elsewhere, has much to do with producing the type of American whom Rafferty calls "the Slob": mannerless, violent, a mindless enemy to everything good and beautiful. I suspect that the new Great Cities readers will do little to redeem "culturally disadvantaged" children from Slobbery.

In November's elections, the most impressive victory was that of Dr. Max Rafferty, winning a non-partisan office: superintendent of schools of California. Though opposed ferociously by the California Teachers Association, Governor Brown, the Liberals, the Democratic organization, nine of ten members of the State Board of Education, and a host of sentimentalists and progressivists, Dr. Rafferty won in a big way. The people of California, it appears, want something for the mind in their schools. If every state of the Union would elect or appoint such a genuine educator as Dr. Rafferty to leadership of its schools, Slobbery might diminish even in suburbia, let alone the slums.

» BOOKS · ARTS · MANNERS «

Anatomy of Freedom

RICHARD M. WEAVER

In an essay brilliant with destructive analysis, aimed on the one side at Liberal collectivism and on the other at a dangerous strain he sees in some of the New Conservatives, Frank Meyer re-opens the great conversation which humanity will always be ready to engage in, we hope, about the nature and scope of freedom. Mr. Meyer writes as a man who has gone over the ground in conscience; and what he has found is that the individual, the irreducible person, is the primary reality and the sole repository of virtue. He has found further that the state is much more likely to impede the realization of virtue than to assist it; and that the more monopolistic the state becomes, the greater obstacle it is to those who desire to live rational lives in freedom. And finally he argues that even those who deprecate the overgrown state and place their trust in the smaller organic community are relying too much upon external forces and even disguised coercion to be true friends of freedom. These are findings that deserve to be searchingly appraised.

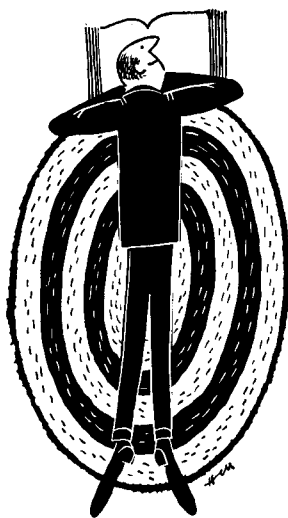
Mr. Meyer, while attacking widely, is actually defending a rather small perimeter, from which it would be very hard to dislodge him. A few citations will convey the extent of it. His intention in writing the book, he

In Defense of Freedom: A Conservative Credo, by Frank S. Meyer. Regnery, \$3.95

announces in the opening sentence, "is to vindicate the freedom of the person as the central and primary end of political society." No room is left here for a spurious egalitarianism. "The only equality that can be legitimately derived from the premises of the freedom of the person is the right of all men to be free from the coercion of power exercised against their life, liberty, and property." Social and political organizations can do nothing more than furnish the antecedent conditions for the striving of the individual man. "At best the proper social and political circumstances, like a rich and well tilled seed-bed, can provide felicitous circumstances in which a man may work out his fortune or misfortune, his good or ill." Yet this truth has been lost sight of so far that "Our humanitarians of the

welfare society take as their maxim: treat no person as an end, but only as a means to arrive at a general good."

By all odds the chief enemy of freedom and virtue (and the inseparability of these constitutes his chief affirmative point) is the Liberal-collectivist dogma, which is summed up in a brilliant paragraph: *Emotionally, it prefers psychoanalysis to the dark night of the soul, "adjustment" to achievement, security to freedom.*



It preaches "the end of ideology," admires experts and fears prophets, fears above all commitment to value transcending the fact.

I WISH IT were possible to give space here to the many striking passages of historical interpretation. One which must be mentioned, however, with the highest recommendation, is Mr. Meyer's account of the contemporary form taken by Rousseau's General Will. The Liberal-collective theory of the state, he points out, is but a concept of the state "as the embodiment of the General Will." And it has been used and is being used by every modern revolutionary movement, Communist, Fascist, nationalist, and welfare. The dialectic of it is very simple; and it is irresistible if one makes the initial surrender, which is to admit that this will expresses what all would will if they knew what was good for them.

Rousseau forged a weapon more destructive than he knew, for the "General Will in a curious way combines positivist glorification of power with the appearance of a value-based justification of that power." A merely positivistic theory could never have survived; he offset that weakness by providing a value system, which, however, lacked any specific content—only what the people will. What do the people will? This is hard enough to determine under most circumstances; but just here arises the opportunity of the elite theorists, whether Communists, Fascists, or totalitarian Liberals. They will step in and make the people's will known to it. This will is—it goes without further explication—the will of the elite, dressed out to suit the lineaments of the occasion, but always presented as expressing the desire of the mass for their own welfare. The one thing indispensable to the success of such an arrangement is possession of the power of the state. Whether this is obtained through a *Putsch* or through a "landslide" in time of crisis, the elite identifies itself with the state, and hypostatization is now complete: the

General Will is always what it should be, and the state can do no wrong.

In this analysis Mr. Meyer has done a service of first importance, for he has made it easy to understand the separation that has often existed between the thoughts and feelings of the body of the citizens (yes, even in Nazi Germany) and the attitudes and pronouncements of a ruling clique, able to maintain itself in power by all the strategies and tactics that the modern technological world makes available.

ALTHOUGH I HAVE only unstinted praise for Mr. Meyer's attack upon such perversions, I must express doubt about one or two of his collateral theses. One of these comprises the essence of his attack upon the New Conservatives as represented by Kirk, Nisbet, Hallowell, and others. The point of Mr. Meyer's criticism is that these spokesmen follow a dangerous theory of community, which traces back to the classical concept of the *polis*. The Greeks, he argues, were limited in their thinking by the idea of the *polis*, against which they were only rarely able to see ground for any individual rights. And these New Conservatives, thinking within that limitation, and influenced by Burke's theory of organic growth and tradition, have erected the community into some kind of prior institution, full of potential harm to the individual person.

Yet if these New Conservatives go too far with the idea of community, Mr. Meyer does not concede some of the benefit which is plainly there. His position is a long step in the direction of Thoreau's anarchic individualism, which is one of the most anti-conservative positions ever taken. Thoreau always saw the community as something hovering about in a threatening way, yet his solution was simple; if the community got in your way or vexed you, you simply seceded from it. But the situation is far from that simple. You did not join your community as you might join a musical society or a chess club; you were born into it, and it has been a part of your nurture since long before you started thinking as a political animal. That community is a figment, without any grade of ontological standing, I am therefore not at all sure. A mere compresence of men together is not a community;

but when a group of men start acting accordingly to certain psychic and moral lines of force, something else has come into being. Still, it would be a far-fetched inference from this that "Total state and 'plurality of communities' . . . are variants . . . of the same denial of the primary value, on this earth, of the individual person." Again, I fear that Mr. Meyer is attacking not an entity of the New Conservatives but a straw man of his own setting up when he speaks of "the subtler, quieter tyranny of a 'customarily' imposed community, in which no one can escape from the deadly environment of hereditarily or geographically imposed association." Political arrangements for the dispersion of power are liable to be upset, as we are witnessing all too often today, but the circumstance of plural communities is a constant factor on its side.

The other thesis involves a point far more perplexing. Mr. Meyer rejects as untenable the thought that freedom is "freedom for." To him, this is a mockery; freedom is freedom unqualified; it must therefore be freedom to do evil as well as good. It is only in the school of choice

between things good and evil, so to put it, that virtue can be developed.

When this issue is raised, profound arguments are heard on both sides. The one side says with Mr. Meyer that freedom which is in any way predetermined or conditioned is a contradiction in terms. Freedom to do good only would be a slavery to the good. The answer comes back that freedom as an end in itself is simply vacuous. Man's destiny does not stop with "being free"; it is something positive, a fulfillment, and in a teleological world view, this can only be a fulfillment of a good. Freedom is therefore not an ultimate but a means, and a means is subordinate to its end. Moreover, to set up freedom as an ultimate could lead to the doing of some atrocious things in the name of freedom, and where would be the net gain in that? The question penetrates to the metaphysical, and the present reviewer prefers to remain reticent on it, at least a little while longer.

But whether or not Mr. Meyer has established freedom as the sufficient end of political society, he has struck hard at those who are interested neither in good nor freedom.

Home-Made Holocaust

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

ACCORDING TO the dust jackets, these two productions are novels. They are a damn sight more than that. They are political tracts designed to destroy whatever is left of American faith in the military. They

Fail-Safe, by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler. McGraw-Hill, \$4.95

Seven Days in May, by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II. Harper, \$4.95

are elaborate testimony to the proposition that the Liberal cannot countenance any suggestion of disagreement with the Light.

It would be pleasant to be able to say that the quartet of Torquemadas has failed because of the absurdity of their presentation. They tell a good story—if you can remember that it is just a story. The story-telling isn't absurd but the stories are. They are based on the theory that we have

more to fear from our own generals (and sycophantic scientists) than we do from the Communists, who are really pretty good guys but are trapped—much as we are—by a socially non-integrated group of generals.

When this idea was first broached seriously (seriously, that is, on their part) by Harrison Brown and James Real, most Liberals were rather embarrassed. When Senator Fulbright and his party chief embraced the idiocy, the embarrassment disappeared from the Liberal camp. This high-level considered judgment gave some respectability to the fantasy. Then the press assault began; Fred Cook at the *Nation*, Knebel and Bailey at *Look*, and the whole crew down at the *New Republic* all got into the program. Even with this massive assault, however, the Liberals just couldn't back it. American good sense said the theory was ludicrous. The military wasn't alienated—a bit per-

turbed, perhaps, but not alienated. Well, if Yarmolinsky and de Katzenbach couldn't get the message across by declaring General Walker a mental case (he *was* a general, wasn't he?), and Real and Brown weren't taken seriously, and the stupid public believed, in spite of

bases of the disagreement. The Liberal solution to this disagreement is to discredit the military by ridicule, by censorship, by innuendo and by novel.

KNEBEL AND BAILEY tell of an attempt by the military to seize the political reins of the country. This

with all those thermonuclear bombs. They had told us that such an accident couldn't happen—but it did.

What do you do then? If you're a model Liberal, you (the President) order American fighters to go on afterburner and shoot them down. This obviously is futile because of the head start of the bombers. You lose a few fighter pilots but that's a minor matter. The bombers are still heading for Moscow. But wait! There is the direct line to Nikita. Get good old Nikita on the phone and tell him it's all a mistake. Nikita is not all that naive. He knows you might be



Fulbright and McNamara, that the generals might have something to say about our future—then, something else would have to be done. What? Novels, man, novels!

The good housewife in Mangum, Oklahoma, belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club and reads novels. The farmer in Fort Scott, Kansas, goes to the movies (where he will obviously shortly be able to see Gregory Peck using American fighters to shoot down American bombers). Sure, Manny, with novels you can get the message across to people who never heard of Fulbright or LeMay, of Yarmolinsky or Trudeau, of Millis or Decker.

Conspiracy? No—or probably not. Heresy? Yes. It is heresy because our military leaders have a place in our society and have something to say. Civilian control of the military command is good and blessed but it was never conceived as a device (before January 1961) to silence completely any word from any person in uniform on any subject on which the Whiz Kids presume to have an opinion.

A military leader, or anyone else for that matter, can disagree with the policies of the political leadership of the country without desiring—or even dreaming of — a forceful overthrow of the government. The entrenched Whiz Kids, however, cannot understand the principles of opposition. This is to say, of course, that they can't understand the principles of democracy. Today, clearly, there are many in the U. S. military who disagree with the policies of the political leadership, and there are many non-military persons who support the

all takes place under a Liberal President who has signed an agreement with the "Russians." (Why, oh why can't these folks distinguish between Russians and Communists? Answer: Because they think the enemy [the enemy over there] is not Communism but something else.) A cigar-smoking 4-star Air Force general (guess who — and it's not Arthur Godfrey) has everything organized to throw the beggars out and put the brass in. He even has a good "fascist type" organize a bully-boy outfit in some desolate area near El Paso.

Don't worry, though. The good Liberal President gets wind of the affair through an officer on General Le—oops!—General Scott's staff and sets everything right at the last minute. The public never even knows that the attempt took place. If they knew, reasons the President, their faith in the military might be shaken. And General Scott — don't worry about him either. The President's aides, who are sneakier than he is, have the blackmail material to keep him from running for President. He had a big affair with a quasi-prostitute who influenced uniform contracts. The seventh day in May 1970 something, ends as a happy one for our side, Liberals and conservatives (non-military variety, apparently).

NOT SO HAPPY is the fate of our internal military and scientific subversives in *Fail-Safe*. They really get what they deserve, though. After all it was their fault that that flight of bombers passed the fail-safe line by accident and headed toward Moscow

pulling a fast one. Or rather, he doesn't really think you would, but *his* generals and scientists tell him that you would. To convince Nikita of your true Liberal colors, you plug his air defense net into your air operations center. In this way, American officers (there are some good ones) can give information on the bombers to Soviet air defenders. There you have it. A magnificent example of international cooperation to shoot down American bombers.

The heavy-laden, however, are again burdened. Two of the bombers are sure to get through. The scientists know this. They were wrong on the fail-safe devices but they're right on this. Now, how the hell do you convince Nikita of your *bona fides*? There is no way to convince your counterparts on the other side (geographically speaking)—who incidentally have taken to calling you "Comrade" —except by blitzing New York. You do—with American bombers and thermonuclear bombs. Curtain.

The stories are absurd, criminally absurd. The story-telling, however, is professional. What it accomplishes is to facilitate the destruction of the fabric of faith and trust on which this nation is built and which our enemies so desire to destroy. Knebel, Bailey, Burdick and Wheeler have demonstrated their ability to write as well as Spillane or Fleming. Gentlemen and patriots, however, are characterized by restraint and by devotion to the carrying of the truth. The four have done their work as novelists. They have created new tasks for gentleman and patriots.

Nay-Sayer to the Power-Hungry

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

FRANK CHODOROV is old now, and when his beloved wife died two years ago, shortly after they had celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, he lost much of his zest for life,

Out of Step, by Frank Chodorov.
Devin-Adair, \$4.50

though he did go out to the Freedom School in Colorado, to lecture during the summer of 1961; and there he suffered a stroke, from which he is not fully recovered. He is in and out of the hospital, spends time with his daughter and grandchildren: and, the final affliction, he cannot read—his eyes will simply not do the work for him. But just before his stroke he completed his "Autobiography of an

Individualist," as the sub-title describes his latest, and last book, *Out of Step*.

Among the enterprises Frank Chodorov started was, in 1952, the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, whose goal it is to undo the damage done a half century ago by the Intercollegiate Society of Socialists. (I was the ISI's first president, as a matter of fact; but I was purely a figure-head, as I was soon reminded. In short order I had a letter from Chodorov: "Am removing you as president. Making myself pres. Easier to raise money if a Jew is president. You can be V-P. Love, Frank.") Chodorov is still its president, but the principal executive officer is Mr. E. Victor Milione, who wrote the intro-

duction to the current book, in which he says, "Although we are both individualists, we are not always in complete agreement. For instance, I do not . . . agree with Frank's dictum, 'socialists (and individualists) are born, not made.'"

But it is indispensable to understand this conviction if one is to understand Frank Chodorov; and he is well worth understanding, not only as the author of the present volume of tender and readable and earnest essays on homespun individualism, or as author of his three earlier books, *One Is a Crowd*, *The Income Tax*, and *The Rise and Fall of Society*, but because he deeply influenced the postwar conservative movement. First as editor of *analysis*, a one-man journal which kept the nonconformist's flame lit in a dingy little office in downtown New York back when there was not a single journal or newsletter incandescent enough to show up the warts on Roosevelt's

Random Notes

● **BOOKS:** Atheneum is rushing Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* into print for the Christmas trade, hard and paper simultaneously. . . . Pyramid Books has issued an excellent series of studies under the general heading *The Worlds of Science*, handsome paperbacks, finely illustrated. Farb's *Living Earth*, Ditmar's *Snakes of the World*, Nourse's *Nine Planets*, Gallenkamp's *Maya* are among the rich offerings. All 75¢. . . . Thomas Molnar's *The Two Faces of American Foreign Policy*, a study of "a basic weakness in our foreign policy, namely, that we present one picture to Americans and another for our allies, enemies, and neutrals, thus failing to understand the nature of power," is to be published this month by Bobbs-Merrill. . . . The latest Edward Gorey drawings are to be found in John Ciardi's *You Read to Me, I'll Read to You*, a book of verses for children (Lippincott, \$3.50). . . . For fans of the early exploration of America, Harpercrest has issued a new edition

of Alexander von Humboldt's travels in the New World, *Stars, Mosquitoes, and Crocodiles*, \$3.50.

Florence Becker Lennon's *Victoria Through the Looking-Glass* of 1945 has been revised as *The Life of Lewis Carroll* and reissued as a Collier paperback for 95¢. . . . One of the meatiest medical books for laymen is Dr. Albert Simeons' *Man's Presumptuous Brain* (Dutton, \$1.45), a study of psychosomatic ailments and how they happen. . . . And for the nostalgic and the newcomers to cozy books, Webster's of St. Louis has brought out Ernest Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known*, albeit in an "adapted" edition for today's wobbly literates.

● **MOVIES:** At the 11th International Film Week, held at Mannheim last month, the American entry *With Music Ring*, a documentary about the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, was hissed, while the Cuban entry, *People on the Shore*, which *Variety* reviewed as "the most primitive" effort of the festival, was praised out of all, indeed out of any, proportion to its value as a film. George Wallach, film and television officer for the American

Embassy at Bad Godesberg, has pointed out that Russian war films are invariably praised at these high brow doings and American war films spat on as blood lust and imperialistic thunder. . . . The epics are nowhere near the bottom of the barrel and Sophia Loren has just agreed to accept a million dollars for her part in Samuel Bronston's *Fall of the Roman Empire*. . . . Meanwhile *Sodom and Gomorrah* is ready for release and there are reports from its "exhibitor seminar" that the advertising is to be aimed at teenagers and the readers of *Stag*, *Cavalier*, *Gent*, *Male*, and *Climax*.

● **FILE AND REMEMBER:** Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* and *A Program for Conservatives* are both now available in paperback (Regnery, \$2.45 and \$2). . . . Thomas Berger, the wildest comic novelist now loose in the country (*Crazy in Berlin* and *Rinehart in Love*), reports mysteriously that his next novel will be a western called *Custer's Last Stand*. . . . The Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko will visit Princeton next April to participate in a symposium on the function of the artist in society.

face; then as the article editor for *Human Events*, which in those days, before it began to emulate Fleur Cowles' *Flair* (I speak jocularly of a friendly and estimable competitor) was four pages of sparkling news commentary by Frank Hanighen and four pages of philosophy by Frank Chodorov (alternating with B. de Jouvenel, Wm. Henry Chamberlin, and a guest); finally as editor of *The Freeman*; and always as a superb human being.

IN ALL THOSE lucid and kindly and intelligent essays, stretching over a period of twenty years, Chodorov never took his eyes off the ball: Power. There are those in the world, he wrote, who seek the stuff, and those who don't, and Chodorov was against those who did, and for those who didn't: and it made no difference what label a man wore, or how much money he disposed of. Whether Republican or Democrat, rich or poor, the relevant question for Chodorov is: how does that man stand on the question of reducing the state?—the principal executor of power. "I voted for Teddy Roosevelt in 1912," he writes in his volume: and then, with a twinkle, "I haven't voted in a Presidential election since . . . I was ever after impressed by the candidates' evaluations of one another. Neither one had a good word to say of his opponent, and each was of the opinion that the other fellow was not the kind of man to whom the affairs of state could be safely entrusted. Now, I reasoned, these fellows were politicians, and as such should be better acquainted with their respective qualifications for office than I could be; it was their business to know such things. Therefore, I had to believe candidate A when he said that candidate B was untrustworthy, as I had to believe candidate B when he said the same of candidate A. In the circumstances, how could I vote for either?" The desire for power, Chodorov reasons, is in most men a congenital addiction. The use of power is excused as indispensable to ideological construction; but those who use power do so less because they wish to pursue ideology, than because they wish to exercise power.

That being so, Chodorov determined early in his writing career that the power-hungry must be resisted by alerting the community to the dread exploitability of that uniquely

conclusive instrument of power, the state. And so Frank Chodorov, and his friend the dazzling belletrist, Albert Jay Nock (who died in 1945) became the foremost libertarian near-anarchists in American journalism.

There are those who will disagree, in whole or in part, with Frank Chodorov's categorical pronouncements, whether in respect of human instincts or of civil institutions. And there are those who will twit him about his otherworldliness in the light of the Soviet threat. (Granted the state is not doing very much about it; but who could do more?) But every one is bound to benefit from exposure to his purist and dogged battle against institutionalized power, and the case he weaves for the presumptive denial

to the central government of every additional BTU it asks for. The power hungry, denied the state's handle, will often go elsewhere, and often they will make terrible nuisances of themselves, running great corporations, or little magazines. But at least they do not have it in their power to require compliance, for they do not have what the omnipotent state has, that formidable combination, the police and the income tax—what else is needed to bring tyranny?

Well, other things too are needed, chief among them a society in which men like Frank Chodorov are without a respected audience. But we do not have that kind of society yet, which is the principal reason why we are still substantially free.

Father Brown With a Bomb

GARRY WILLS

FATHER WALTER ONG is a distressingly learned, disarmingly quiet little man, who glides about the intellectual scene—unobtrusive as Chesterton's Father Brown—planting bombs. Those who know him quake with fear when

The Barbarian Within, Walter J. Ong, S. J. Macmillan, \$5.00

he comes near their opinions, and accuse him of recklessness with our intellectual heritage. But when the debris is cleared, one usually finds that he has blasted rotten accretions away, and left the pristine fabric standing.

His new collection of essays, *The Barbarian Within*, makes the anxiety he causes in others perfectly understandable. For one thing, he takes on subjects concerning which it has become impossible to talk sense—things like "myth" and "initiation rites"—and, impossibly, he talks sense. He will undertake, with a straight face, what sounds like a doctoral thesis in one of the zanier graduate schools, and satirize the method merely by observing its rules, disguising his sanity in the motley of modern academic gowns. (One of his finer moments is "Latin Language Study as a Renaissance Puberty Rite.") He is as good at the little-journal game as at the academic one. He begins what sounds like one of the standard, pretentious analyses of the beatnik,

branches off into an even more sweeping account of "barbarism through the ages," then descends, once more, on his first subject with a pertinence that makes this essay alone, of all that has been written on the subject, likely to lead those beats who can still read to throw away their bongos. He turns his attention to the "modern critics" of poetry, and almost seems to join them; but he is only fraternizing in order to plant the charge. He concludes that concentration of one's whole attention on the art object, without constant reference to the fact that it is the enunciation of a man, is a modern form of idolatry. The well-wrought urn is a pile of shreds when he finishes with it.

The range of Father Ong's subjects, and the size of his output, are staggering. He has averaged a book a year for the last six years, and his articles seem to multiply of themselves, like rabbits. Some think they are rabbits from a trickster's hat; an unjust charge, but with this truth in it—anyone who keeps the ceiling shaking so regularly must have a simple detonating device that can be used for all his jobs. Father Ong's device is what might be called the "audile-visile" hook-up.

Put it simply: Hebrew thought dealt with a Word, a Wisdom, a Person as the prime agent of reality. Greek thought tended to see an Idea, a Principle, a Pattern. The Hebrews

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thought in terms of sound, succession, time; Hellenes in terms of vision, fixity, space. But even the Greeks were closer to the spoken, fluid world of personal interchange than we are. Oral poetry and dialogue, Homer and Socrates, came before Aristotle and Alexandria. The Middle Ages made the West even more thoroughly a reading-writing culture, which thought with its eyes—a process immeasurably accelerated by the printing press.

THIS SIMPLE SCHEMA has obviously unlimited possibilities. It can be used as the starting point for cultural history, educational theory or sociological analysis of current trends. It can be the frame for strictly historical research, and it can be used as a convenient "construct" for sorting out ideas. It is a wondrous device, and Father Ong uses it wonderfully. For maximum efficiency, this mechanism should have a special attachment—specialized knowledge of a key point in the passage from the oral-aural culture to a reading-writing society. Father Ong's scholarly specialty is Peter Ramus, the Renaissance polymath who also dabbled in cultural-detonating devices. To watch Ong on Ramus is to see two chessmasters working each other over; watching Ong on Ramus is almost synonymous with reading Ong. The subtitle of almost anything he writes might be "The Relevance of Ramus."

If I make it sound as if his technique were merely a gimmick, I do not mean to. He is honest in his use of his tools, and maintains an awareness of their limits. After all, some such tools are always necessary; the directing force of most men's thought is a simple concept fully mobilized. But Ong is a mobilizer who makes the rest of mankind look like the Seven Sleepers.

The Barbarian Within is a brilliant collection of essays. It deals, among other things, with "communication": modern linguistics, the vernacular disciplines, radio-electronic devices are all treated as (you guessed it) symptoms of a return from the visible to the audible people of human experience. At a deeper level, the author reads again those old critical riddles, "myth," "wit," "metaphor." After making a fine analysis of wit in poetry, he does an even better one of the theological meaning of mystery, then puts the two together—and the flash

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takes place. His fifteen pages on myth are worth the fifteen books on that subject you will see as you pass the next paperback stand. The last section of the book is on "alienation"—essays on Bugbee's "personalism," St. Ignatius' *Exercises*, and the title piece on the beatnik.

The modern interest in "dialogue," in "dialectics," reflects an attempt to

escape the static patterns of a mechanistic and impersonal world. But these very attempts often become mechanical; much of modern dialectic simply turns the seen pattern, the *idea*, into a more complicated pattern, the *ideology*. In Father Ong's work, the human *logos* makes itself heard again—man's asking and answering Word, giving the universe a voice.

The Passing Scene

Notes on an Autumn Journey

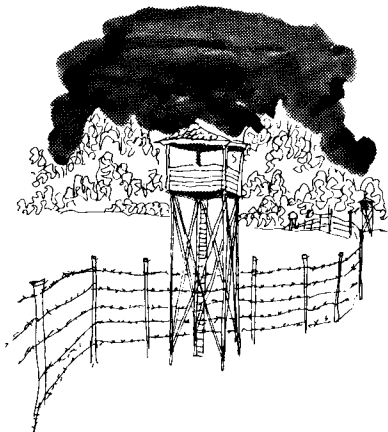
FRANCIS RUSSELL

Copenhagen

There are more American beatniks in the larger cities of Scandinavia than there are in Paris or New York, and they all end up at the American Express. I think *Europe on \$5 A Day* is responsible—the most subversive book published since World War II.

American words that have taken root: motel, baby-sitter, teen-ager, camping, hitchhiker, supermarket, cola. Coca-Cola has captured Europe both as a slogan and as a stomach rinse. At the Göttingen Horse Show a banner stretched across the field displays the familiar Coca-Cola script and exhorts: "*Mach mal Pause—das erfrischt!*" The girl with the mountain of bleached hair, the Egyptian shadowed eyes, the pink lipstick and the skin-tight lavender slacks who sidles in the cafe chair on the Raadhus Pladsen murmurs languidly to the waiter: "Cohla!"

The young executive whom I visit on an evening proudly produces the familiar gnome-shaped bottle for me—and I might add it costs him about 35¢. Coca-Cola appears on the hotel menus. There is even a native imitation, Joy Cola. Although the formula of Cola-Cola is unwritten, and supposedly known only by three living men, it is really not all that secret. The same formula was used in Fletcher's Castoria that I used to have to take as a child.



Düsseldorf: The Wirtschaftswunder

In this rich and spreading city they call a Mercedes a Ruhr Volkswagen. At Kaiserswerth on the outskirts, in the settlements of new villas, the more modest cost \$100,000. Complaints of the mortgaged middle class sound just like the United States—no one wants to work hard any more; the television repair man came three times and still the set doesn't work; the cleaning woman has quit without notice; there aren't any maids; garage repair shops are not to be trusted. A cartoon in *Die Zeit* shows a dog labelled Price Increase grabbing a tray of sausages labelled Wage Increase out of a worker's hand. The German hourly wage rate is in many cases still much lower than ours, but it is rising faster. Many small things, such as chocolate, coffee, cotton goods, radios, TVs, cost more than across the Atlantic. In Germany one scarcely sees a bicycle now. The Volkswagen is the Model-T of postwar Europe.

The Border

They still come back in trickles, Volksdeutsch, Germans from Poland and the Baltic lands and the Russia that was once Prussia. Only the old and the very young, of course. The children often speak no German, for the language is forbidden in those sealed lands. About 2,500 a month come over. There are still a number

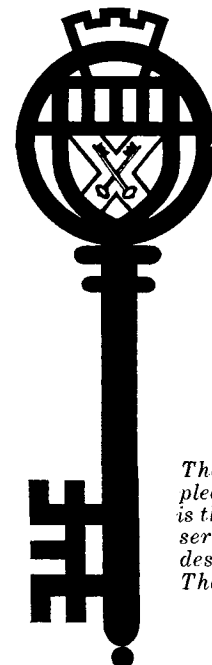


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of German war prisoners in Russia. Technically they are not war prisoners, for they have broken some rule or committed some technical crime in a Soviet work camp and are now classified as criminals. But a stolen loaf of bread has often meant a twenty-year sentence. No one knows really how many such sentenced prisoners are still in the Soviet Union. The German Red Cross estimates several hundred thousand.

The Wall makes so many headlines that one forgets the border, that sinister ribbon of ploughed earth flanked by concrete posts and barbed wire that runs along the East Zone boundary so many hundreds of kilometers. It winds its way across the landscape, emphasized by watch towers, mine fields, and concealed machine guns. Rarely does one see a German on the other side of the boundary, and never standing still—for that is forbidden near the border. All that barbed wire, interestingly enough, was made in West Germany.

Near the Brocken I walk along the border with one of the zonal guards. Near that haunted hill is the easiest place to escape to the West, if one can get there. The whole area for a depth of ten miles, however, has been declared a forbidden zone. Whenever I see the tower of the Brocken, I think in dutiful clichés of Goethe and of Heine's *Harz Journey*, but where witches and students held their revels a detachment of Volkspolizei is now quartered, and the Brocken tower is used as an East German television relay. Foxglove grows wild all through the region, and as we walk across a field of it, the guard points out two Vopos watching us behind camouflage. I borrow the guard's field glasses and focus on them. The Vopos in turn focus on me. All I have to do is take twenty steps forward and they will shoot.

Nymegen, Holland

In late 1944 I was billeted here with a Dutch family whom I now visit for the afternoon. The son of the house, a doctor, is back from a trip to Indonesia. He tells me that without Dutch control even those Indonesian doctors trained in the Netherlands relapse into their native ways. To asepsis they become indifferent. No more scouring, scrubbing, cleaning. The patients in the hospitals just die, and nobody seems to care. "If you Americans think the Indonesians are

better off because we left, you're crazy," he said finally. One sees the dark skins of Indonesians here and there all over Holland, the old soldiers of the Royal Indonesian Army, the poor fools who were loyal.

Rhine Epilogue

At the Hotel Zeesen in Bad Godesberg, where Chamberlain and Hitler gave us peace in our time in 1938, I found no tablet set up by either the British or West German governments.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FENOLLOSA AND HIS CIRCLE WITH OTHER ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY, by Van Wyck Brooks (Dutton, \$5). The concise, neatly tailored biographical essay which has its masters in Johnson and Hazlitt is wholly welcome, and half the value of this book is in Mr. Brooks' encouragement to revive so useful and entertaining a form. The eight walnut-rich studies here presented concern Ernest Fenollosa who, like Lafcadio Hearn, discovered for Japanese and Westerner together, the cultural donation of Japan, thereby enriching American art through Whistler, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Ezra Pound; Fanny Wright, the friend of Lafayette, ardent feminist, free-thinker, utopian, abolitionist, and educator; John Lloyd Stevens, who bought Yucatan in order to explore unhampered the Mayan cities which he discovered; George Catlin who sketched and painted Indian life on the plains; Charles Wilkes who first explored Antarctica; Charles Godfrey Leland, balladeer, humorist and journalist who lived abroad in the grand manner; Maurice Prendergast, the American impressionist painter; and that genius at large, masterful friend, practical ironist, critic, interpreter, and analyst to the forgotten and fine world of Clarence King and Raphael Pumpelly, Randolph Bourne. A major book in the recovery of the neglected cultural heritage of nineteenth-century America. G. DAVENPORT

THE UNTOUCHABLE STATE DEPARTMENT, by Bryton Barron (Crestwood Books, \$2.50). The retired State Department official, author of *Inside the State Department*, turns his gaze to the means by which the Department conceals its errors, protects its black sheep, and consumes its energies in memoranda criss-crossing among forty thousand employees. On a topic that has engendered a whirlwind of incautious accusations Mr. Barron

stays cool: those who look for the Communist root of State's troubles "tend to miss the issue, for our primary concern must be with the policy makers. Soft on Communism many of the latter obviously are, but that is not to say that they are actually Communists at heart." And Mr. Barron performs a salutary operation on that group of people—earnestly convinced by circumstantial documentation—who maintain that the Council on Foreign Relations is an "invisible government": "I am not certain that my own observations within the Department over a long period of years tend to support this concept of the CFR role. I found that the Department itself, rather than any outside group, serves as the base for the policy planners and that it uses the CFR and similar outfits to help spread the official gospel and the dream of a world socialist state." Mr. Barron's expert knowledge appears in little ways, too, as when he mentions that Alger Hiss brought the UN Charter back from San Francisco "in a fireproof safe, parachute attached, in event of disaster en route home." But wasn't the real disaster locked in that safe?

W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL THOUGHT OF ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, by Jack Lively (Oxford, \$4). This is the best analysis yet published of the ideas of the greatest Whig of the nineteenth century. Readers of this book will be certain to discover much that they did not know before about Tocqueville's thoughts on history and society, on centralization, on religion, and on the process of revolution. The examination of his ideas on freedom, virtue, order and equality will be read with especial pleasure by all those interested in reconciling the powerful claims of those four great idols. R. SCHUETTINGER

To the Editor



Speaking Up . . .

Willmoore Kendall, Senior Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, Rhodes Scholar, political scientist and educator, is author of five books. His latest, *What is Conservatism, and Other Anti-Liberal Essays*, will be published in January. Dr. Kendall is presently a professor at Los Angeles City College.

He has spoken at clubs and universities in this country and Europe, where his witty and eloquent speaking style has filled college auditoriums to capacity.

Some of his topics include: *The "Immorality" of Nuclear Weapons*, *"Academic Freedom" and its Fallacies*, *The "Open Society" and its Fallacies*, *"Christian" Pacifism and its Fallacies*.

If your University or club would like to hear Dr. Kendall, won't you write? He will be in the Midwest and East in December and February.

You may also want to write for openings in the schedules of our other speakers: Wm. F. Buckley Jr., L. Brent Bozell, Russell Kirk, Frank S. Meyer, Thomas Molnar, William A. Rusher or Ernest van den Haag.

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Pacifist Fights Back

As a member of those "pacifists, crackpots, collaborators and traitors," your editorial [Nov. 20] greatly disturbed me. Your intolerance of the peace movement demonstrates a complete unawareness of the democratic processes for which this country stands and under whose guise you are ready to invade Cuba at the risk of total nuclear disaster.

A minority opposition is extremely necessary for the full airing of ideas. It is only through the open discussion of all possible solutions to our problems that our leaders can arrive at the real "truths" [sic] and make the best decisions. The conservative movement in America is in itself a minority opposition and I am sure that you would agree with me that it is not in the best interests of the country to silence it. All I ask is that you respect the voice of minority opposition as I respect all opposition to my views when they are expressed sincerely in the best interests of our fellow countrymen and fellow human beings.

Jackson Heights, N. Y. NORBERT KALTER

We did not suggest "silencing" the pacifists. We merely pointed out whose side they ended up on (much to their horror, in some cases) when the chips were down. —ED.

Another Banner for the Pole

Conservatives assert—and correctly—that government ought to do nothing for the individual that he is capable of doing for himself. I get the impression from statements of at least a few conservatives that this principle is so important to them they will go so far as to refuse to accept social security benefits, old age pensions and the like. But, human nature being what it is, many would probably put principle aside if a government check were actually mailed to them and would justify their acceptance of it by saying, "Well, I paid my taxes, didn't I? So, I'm only getting my own money back."

This suggests an intriguing possibility which, though it is possibly harebrained, is still nevertheless hereby respectfully submitted for the

consideration of NATIONAL REVIEW's readers. How about an income tax deduction for self-reliant individualists which they could get simply by signing a waiver renouncing their unemployment insurance, old age benefits and other welfare-state handouts? The technical difficulties here (what would be a just deduction?) may be insurmountable but I thought I would run this one up the patriotic flagpole to see how many conservatives are willing to salute it.

Hollywood, Calif.

STEVE ALLEN

A good start, but the conservative would still suffer from the price structure of an economy distended by welfareism. —ED.

Bachelor Blues

Sincere thanks for Frederic Nelson's defense of bachelorhood [Nov. 20] from a latterday "Van Bibber" who was too prudent to become engaged while at college and banished the thought of matrimony until professionally established. "Sound common sense," one might comment, but it hardly makes for a lucky bachelorhood. Given the present values of modern young women—does he have a car? does he dance (or ski, or swim) well? and the cynical view of the single state on which Nelson eloquently commented, from experience I can assert bachelorhood today is not a happy or lucky estate.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

DONALD F. BARRY

Britain and the Common Market

Your editorials and articles usually express opinions akin to my own, and I thoroughly enjoy the forthright and timely stand that your magazine takes on both domestic and foreign issues.

There is one exception, however, and that is Britain's entry into the European Common Market. I do not believe that most Americans understand the unique relationship that exists between the motherland and the White Dominions. It is a great deal more than trade preferences and economic arrangements, and while cemented by a common allegiance to the Crown, is built upon our common heritage of political democracy, law, culture, and common sacrifice in two

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LITERARY

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world wars. To submerge Britain's sovereignty in a European bloc, that would, in the opinion of many of us, lack stability, would not constitute progress, but the reverse—and certainly, whatever its present economic prosperity, be a poor substitute for those ties, within the commonwealth, that have forged the moral fibre that resists tyranny and is one of the principal obstacles in the way of Communist plans.

The Kremlin, on the surface, appears to be antagonistic to the E.C.M. Appearances, however, are deceptive, and it may very well welcome the infiltration of the British Isles by huge groups of laborers, who bring with them the seeds of democracy's subversion from the Communist Parties of Italy and France.

Cobden, Ont.

ROBERT EARLS

Kefauver Curare v. Progress

I have worked on new products, using them in clinical studies, for over twenty-five years. In fact, while I was yet in medical school my feeble help was loaned to the investigation and use of the first liver extract available in the treatment of pernicious anemia. It was No. 343, made by Lilly, and furnished to us without cost as our work was gratis. Both Lilly and we were interested in its effectiveness. Later we worked on the gastric concentrate, Ventriculin, made by Parke Davis, for the treatment of the same disease. This was in 1927-1929. There was a gap, then, while I got through my internship and four years of pathology. Then, a year after my service on cardio-respiratory diseases began we tested the first synthetic Vitamin B-1 (Merck) and next year were fortunate enough to get a supply of sulfapyradine. This was the first of the sulfa group which was effective in lobar pneumonia. The year before our mortality rate in that disease had been 53 per cent. This was the Henry Ford Hospital; we had used everything known to the human race, and yet they died. With sulfapyradine the mortality rate dropped to 8 per cent the first year. One does not forget. This also was a Merck project, although the first shipments had been manufactured by May and Baker, in Dagenham, England. It was called M and B 693, or Dagenan.

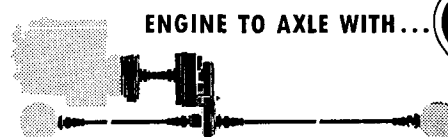
I maintained my contacts, and not long after coming to St. Petersburg obtained, also before release for general use, another sulfa drug. It was

sulfathiazole, for intravenous use. With it the life of a local doctor's wife was saved. There were others, including an oral diuretic, S.T.O. by Winthrop. Finally, not long before I went into the Air Force I got a quantity of Sulfadiazine, also from Lederle. It was more potent than the thiazole, particularly in meningitis. I had not been at Hunter, in Savannah, very long when a soldier was taken from a troop train and brought

to the hospital. He was in deep coma, nearly dead with fulminating meningococcal septicemia. It was my civilian experimental batch of sulfadiazine which saved this boy's life. Again, one does not forget.

Since the war I have tested dozens of new drugs. They have come from Merck, Lilly, Parke Davis, Abbott, Ciba, Schering, Upjohn, Warner-Chilcott, Winthrop and several others. Of this work, from its beginning to

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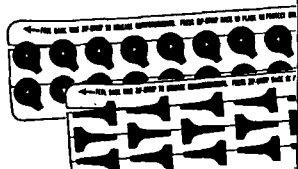
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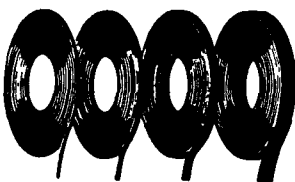
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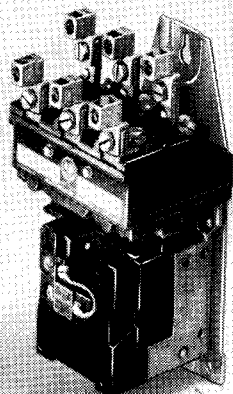


and including the present, certain truths may be stated: 1) I have never been given, nor offered, one red cent compensation. I have never asked for compensation, in money. That which I get is the satisfaction of knowing that I am able to help, and to work with so honorable a company of gentlemen. 2) Never has any company or any representative of any company attempted to influence my judgment or to reinterpret my conclusions as to the worth of the product under question. As far as I am concerned all they want of me is my opinion: good, bad or indifferent. 3) On those occasions when the product shows too many teeth a termination order is sent, and as quickly as possible. Who thinks these companies want their names and reputations smeared by law suits? 4) I have never had a serious or even very troublesome reaction among my patients. 5) In each instance the patient knows he is getting a new drug. My patients trust me. 6) In each instance I sign a request for the clinical supply, stating my facilities for examination and checking the efficacy and possible side reactions. 7) I get full information, on animal and teaching hospital results, all done before my work begins.

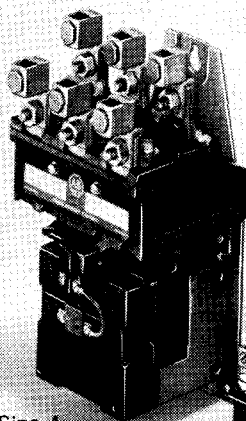
This system has been the basis of our progress. I do not know of a better way, nor a more reliable one. I cannot imagine what talents there are in Washington to make the work better. I can see and predict a thousand directions in which the work would go if the government put itself into the picture: all of them down, all of them at greater expense, all of them in delay and discouragement.

If this bill passes I will have nothing more to do with the testing, because they could require me to duplicate my reports, to surrender my records, even perhaps to interviewing my patients. To hell with all that. Let Estes go back to Costello, or back to Tennessee. How does he think drugs are made? Is it that one day Mr. Connors says to the boys at Merck: "Tomorrow, let's invent cortisone"? The sheer impudence, the gross ignorance and the inane fatuities of the gentleman from Tennessee are so wicked that nothing short of the virtues of those companies with whom I have had so honorable a working experience could vindicate the honor of the human race.

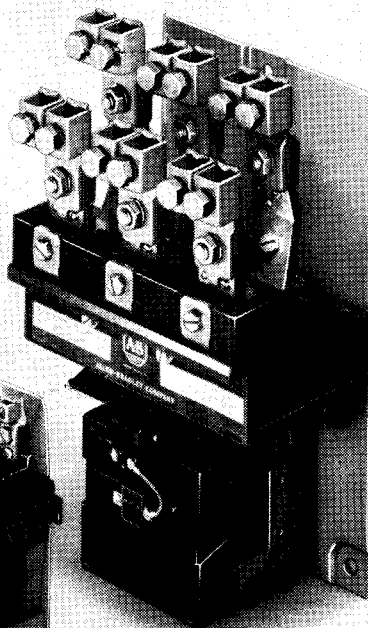
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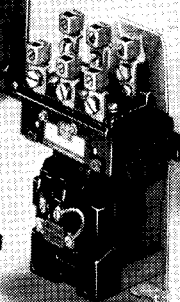
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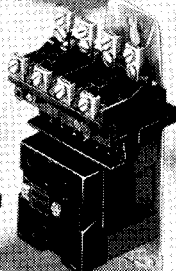
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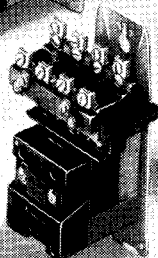
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